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The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 182.—Vol. XIV. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, May 29, 1907 [With Supplement, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

Mr. Walter Passmore indulges in a little mild flirtation (in "Lady Tatters" at the Shaftesbury Theatre)

The efforts of Mr. Walter Passmore, one of our most popular comedians, to find a dog to bark the chorus of the song, "The Fiddler and his Dog," which he, as Seth Lewys, the strolling player, sings in *Lady Tatters*, greatly agitated the public last week, and their relief was intense when they heard that he had at last been successful in his quest. Our photograph shows him in the second act, with Isabel Scraby (Miss Louie Pounds) and Poll Merrie (Miss Marie George), Lady Tatters' maid

No. 182.—Vol. XIV.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. **GAMES AND PASTIMES.**

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

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"The Great Operas." By J. Cuthbert Hadden. Vol. I., *Faust*; Vol. II., *Carmen*. (Jack: 1*s.* per vol.)

"Reflections of a Frivolous Philosopher." By Carl le Foin. (Forster, Groom: 2*s.* 6*d.*)

"The Passing of Night." By J. Fooargye Bradley. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"For the Week End." By "Handasyde." (John Lane: 6*s.*)

"Margery Manesty." By Oswald Wildridge. (Ward, Lock: 6*s.*)

"The Souvenir Guide to London." By H. E. Bywater. (Souvenir, Ltd: 1*s.*)

"The House of the Wolf." By Stanley Weyman. (Longmans: 2*s.* net.)

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POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½*d.* per copy, irrespective of weight. Canada 1*d.* (under 1 lb.). To any other part of the world the rate would be ½*d.* FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

Bystander Comments

London: Wednesday May 29, 1907

"Americans flat" was a headline in an evening paper the other day. We had not observed it ourselves. In fact, most of those whom we saw in London last week were looking round.

* * *

Lajpatrai Rai, the Punjab agitator, is reported to have remarked, prior to his deportation, that India is not going to be "cowed down." Britain, upon the other hand, intends to see that India is not what Smith minor once described as "calved up."

* * *

Having been given to understand that Mr. Frank Richardson's latest masterpiece possesses a strong whisker interest, the editor of a contemporary handed it for review to Mr. Clarkson. A similar attempt at specialism was once made by the gentleman who directed the fortunes of a provincial organ. Having received from a publisher a copy of a work on Marco Polo, he promptly sent it on to his sporting reporter, with a request that he would do half a column on it.

* * *

It is curious what effect the weather has upon news. During the dull November days of last week, for example, there was none at all. The solitary spark of foreign intelligence was contributed by the Turkish Brigands, Limited, who carried off a Dutch Baron. They ought to be able to declare very good dividends shortly.

* * *

One wonders who is the mathematician of the band, and how he solves the problems of the comparative value of their victims. For Miss Stone, an American missionary, £25,000 was asked. If an American missionary is worth £25,000, how much for a Dutch Baron—with both ears?

* * *

Even the *Daily Mail* was hard up for news last week, and its special correspondents were reduced to sending in agricultural reports. "Mangolds backward, sun badly needed," was the modest summary from most parts. Luckily, a tom-tit built its nest in a pump in Lincolnshire, in spite of the pump being in constant use. This is, perhaps, the only instance of little tom-tits taking cold baths at quite such an early age.

* * *

By the way, agricultural reports could surely be made more interesting. What of this sort of thing?

HEREFORD. — Lambs sniffling, farmers grumpy. Should calves have pocket-handkerchiefs?

COLCHESTER.—Giant gooseberries backward. Frost affecting giant marrows. Spotted fever attacks giant turnips.

LINCOLN. — Sun badly needed. Hens discovered laying eggs in saucepans on fire. Epidemic of ducks with four legs.

TOOTING.—Great mortality among cuckoo-clocks. Late frosts affecting vocal chords of sparrows.

RUISLIP. — Special correspondent frozen to death while inspecting barley crop. Barley not grown in this district.

* * *

False eyelashes are stated by Mr. Nestle, the patentee, to be all the rage, and hundreds of ladies regularly call on him to have their eyelashes renewed. It must be a pathetic scene—his office. "I find it impossible now to go motoring without them" is the *obiter dictum* of one of his fair clients; and we quite agree that it is warmer to have them on a drive. But we do hope Mr. Nestle will fix them up well. Such a bother to stop on a nice, straight bit of road, because one's companion has just exclaimed, for the tenth time: "So sorry to trouble you again—but would you mind—my lashes have just blown off?"

* * *

It is reported that a four-wheeled automobile will shortly be put on the market, at the price of a motor-bicycle. The seating accommodation will, of course, be limited. But the motorist of moderate means is so keen that, provided he can lie under the car with a spanner, that is all really that is needed.

* * *

The general criticism of the horses of American millionaires to be shown at Olympia seems to correspond with that made of their owners: "A bit thin in the leg, but plenty of metal."

"Muvver says you're to come 'ome at once, dad"
"What for, sonny?"
"Dunno. She didn't say. Only she'd been gettin' together all the kitchen china, and asked if I knew where the poker was"

(By J. HAMMER)

RACING NOTIONS. By "CARBINE."

DERBY PROSPECTS: WILL "BOSS" CROKER WIN?

Orby at Epsom

Johnny Reiff, the American lad, who did so well in this country a few seasons back, and who came from France to ride Querido to victory in the Chester Cup, will be on Orby in the Derby, and this Irish outsider has come to Epsom to finish his training. It is natural that an American jockey should be chosen for a horse belonging to the former ruler of Tammany Hall. Mr. Croker is by no means confident that his colt will beat the favourite, but he believes him sure to be placed. I think he would have been well advised to run Orby in the Red Rose Stakes at Manchester, for he would surely have beaten Jubilee and Cornfield, and something definite about his real merits would have been ascertained. As it is, nothing in Mr. Croker's stable is capable of extending the three-year-old, and he treated the opposition at Baldoyle like so many hacks.

If "Boss" Croker Wins at Epsom!

It would surely be a strange turn of Fortune's Wheel if "Boss" Croker should win the Derby. How would the Jockey Club take it, after withholding their sanction a few years ago for his horses to be trained at Newmarket? It is no secret that Mr. Croker is not on the best of terms with the ruling powers of the Turf, and he is one of the last men they would wish to see win the greatest race of the season. But nothing of that sort can, of course, stop Orby if the colt is only good enough, and I am one of those who think that the handsome son of Orme will play a prominent part in the race. Since his passage-at-arms with the Jockey Club, Mr. Croker has mainly confined his attention to racing in Ireland, and his horses have been extremely successful at the Curragh, Baldoyle, and the other meetings. But, sporting and enjoyable as those gatherings often are, you cannot compare the racing there with that which we see at the best of the English meetings. A success for Mr. Croker in the Derby would be unique in many respects, and would make an interesting page in Turf history. Will it come to pass? Stranger things *have* occurred in racing.

The Galvani Mystery

A certain amount of mystery hangs about Galvani. Diametrically opposite statements have been made about him. It has been said that he is not giving satisfaction to his trainer, and this view was supported when he was knocked out to 8 to 1 in the betting one day last week. One hears, again, that the colt never was better in his life, and it is significant that he did not remain for long at "eights." Which of the two stories are we to believe? My own information is to the effect that Major Loder and his trainer are well satisfied with the progress that the colt has made, and I fully expect to see Galvani at a smaller price on the day of the race than that at which he is now quoted.

A Forecast of the Result

As for the favourite, there can be no question as to Beckhampton's confidence. They believe they have a really good thing in Slieve Gallion, and instead of his price expanding, the colt has remained at slight odds-on during the past week, all offers at "evens" being quickly snapped up. I fancy Darling is still a little dubious regarding Galvani, but he does not fear anything else in the race. My final selection for the Derby will be made next week, but for the sake of those readers who would like a forecast in advance, I may say that I believe **Slieve Gallion** will win, and that GALVANI and ORBY will fill the places behind him. I shall in all probability take Witch Elm for the Oaks, with Maya as likely to run into a place.

Epsom's Coronation Cup

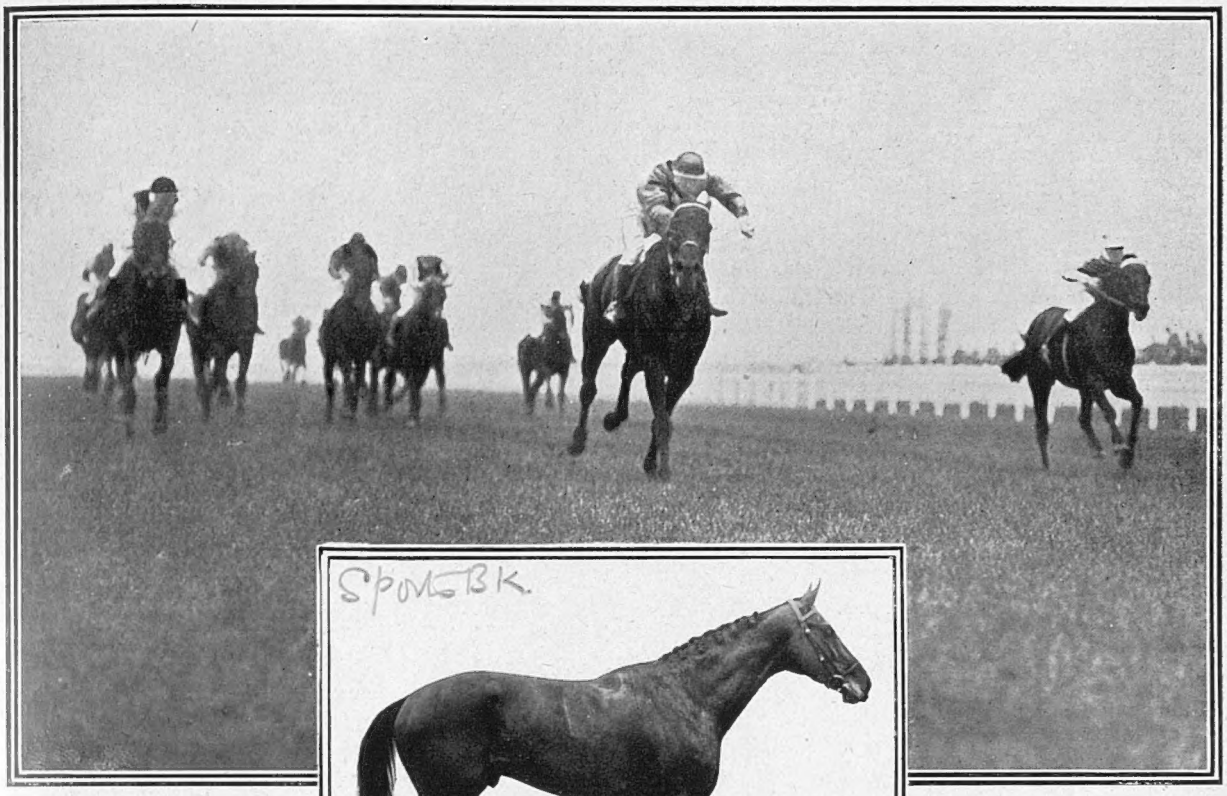
Spate and Killeagh, although both well fancied and well supported, ran disappointingly in the Manchester Cup on Friday. Nothing in the race had a chance with Beppo, an extremely game little horse, who, on this form, ought to be formidable in the best long-distance races of the season. Mr. "Jimmy" Rothschild loves to have a tilt at the Ring, and he landed a very good stake over Beppo at Manchester. The colt is engaged for the Coronation Cup at Epsom on the Thursday of next week, and this race may possibly rival the Derby and the Oaks in interest; for, in addition to the Manchester Cup winner, such grand performers as Velocity, Polymelus, Polar Star, Troutbeck, Keystone II., The White Knight, Spearmint, Hammurabi, Llangibby, Bilton Park, and Slavetrader, are all entered. What a race it will be, even if only six of this dozen are started. Polar Star, I expect, will be favourite, and though Velocity will meet him on 8 lb. better terms than at Kempton, I shall stick to Mr. Hall Walker's champion until he is beaten.

Selections

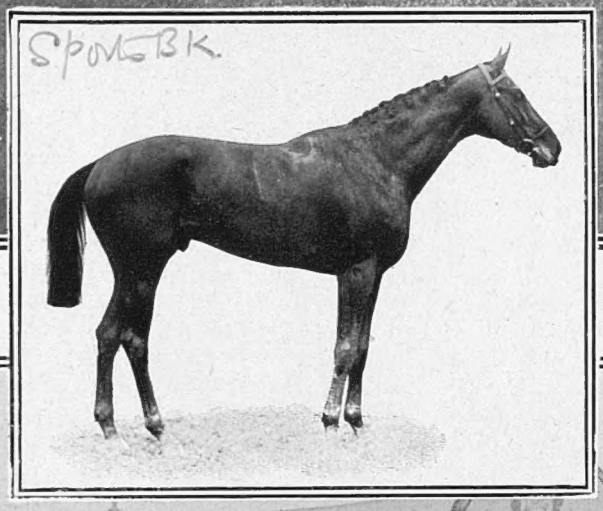
During the present week the racing is not of very great importance, but there are meetings North and South. At Salisbury on Thursday I think **Cuffs** will win the City Bowl, and **Llangwm** seems sure to take the Salisbury Stakes, while **Golden Measure** is my selection for the Salisbury Cup. At Hurst Park on Saturday **Auber** should take the Holiday Plate, and **Cadwal** in the Palace Handicap may score at last. On Tuesday next, the opening day of the Epsom Meeting, Lord Rosebery may show us a high-class two-year-old in the Woodcote Stakes, but it is safest to go for horses we know, and I think the issue will rest between **Pom** and St. Elf, with a preference for the first-named.

The Manchester Cup

MR. J. A. DE ROTHSCHILD WINS THE TROPHY



THE FINISH



BEPPO—THE WINNER

UNDAUNTED SPECTATORS

The crowd at Castle Irwell, during the short shower which interrupted the proceedings—to make way, later, however, for brilliant sunshine. Mr. J. A. de Rothschild's victory with Beppo proved most popular. His horse Le Horo "also ran" for the Rothschild Plate

The Edalji Commission

Whatever view may be taken of the result of the Edalji Commission, everybody will be glad to find that the Commissioners, although they do not agree with the opinion of the Quarter Sessions and jury, give no countenance whatever to the charges of deliberate injustice and prejudice, not to mention incompetence, which were so freely brought against them. To anyone with any practical experience of country Quarter Sessions, the charge of deliberate injustice was absurd, but nevertheless it was made, and widely believed. And it is only fair to the Staffordshire magistrates to mention two facts which are perhaps not generally known: first, that Edalji himself, or his advisers, requested that the trial might take place at Quarter Sessions, and not at Assizes; and secondly, that the reason the case was heard in the Second Court was that the Deputy-Chairman of the Bench had had a regular legal education and the Chairman had not. By the way, I am rather surprised at the importance which the Commissioners attached to the depositions taken at Petty Sessions. For aught I know, Staffordshire depositions may be exceptionally well taken, but, as a rule, they are very much condensed and rather inaccurate, and I would much rather rely on the original statements made by the witnesses to the prosecuting solicitor.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Empire Day, May 24

Viscount Turnour hoisting the Union Jack at the schools, Sutton, Surrey

Are Juries Impartial?

But the case shows the great drawbacks of the system of always trying a prisoner in the county where the crime was committed. The practice dates from Anglo-Saxon times, when no witnesses were called except to character, and the jury was chosen from persons who knew something about the case and decided it upon their own knowledge. At the present time, to ensure an absolutely fair trial, the jury ought to come from a remote district. When any sensational crime has been committed the local Press report all its details, real and imaginary, and not infrequently formulate theories as to how and by whom it was committed. Later on, the evidence given before the magistrates is fully reported, with particulars of previous convictions, if any, and consequently every intelligent juryman knows all about the crime and the prisoner's character, and has formed some sort of an opinion as to his guilt or innocence before he goes into the jury-box. Unless the publication of police-court proceedings can be forbidden, such cases ought to be tried before a jury from another part of the country. As a matter of fact, the Courts have power to remove a country case to London, though it is very seldom exercised; but, I believe, none to remove a London case into the country.

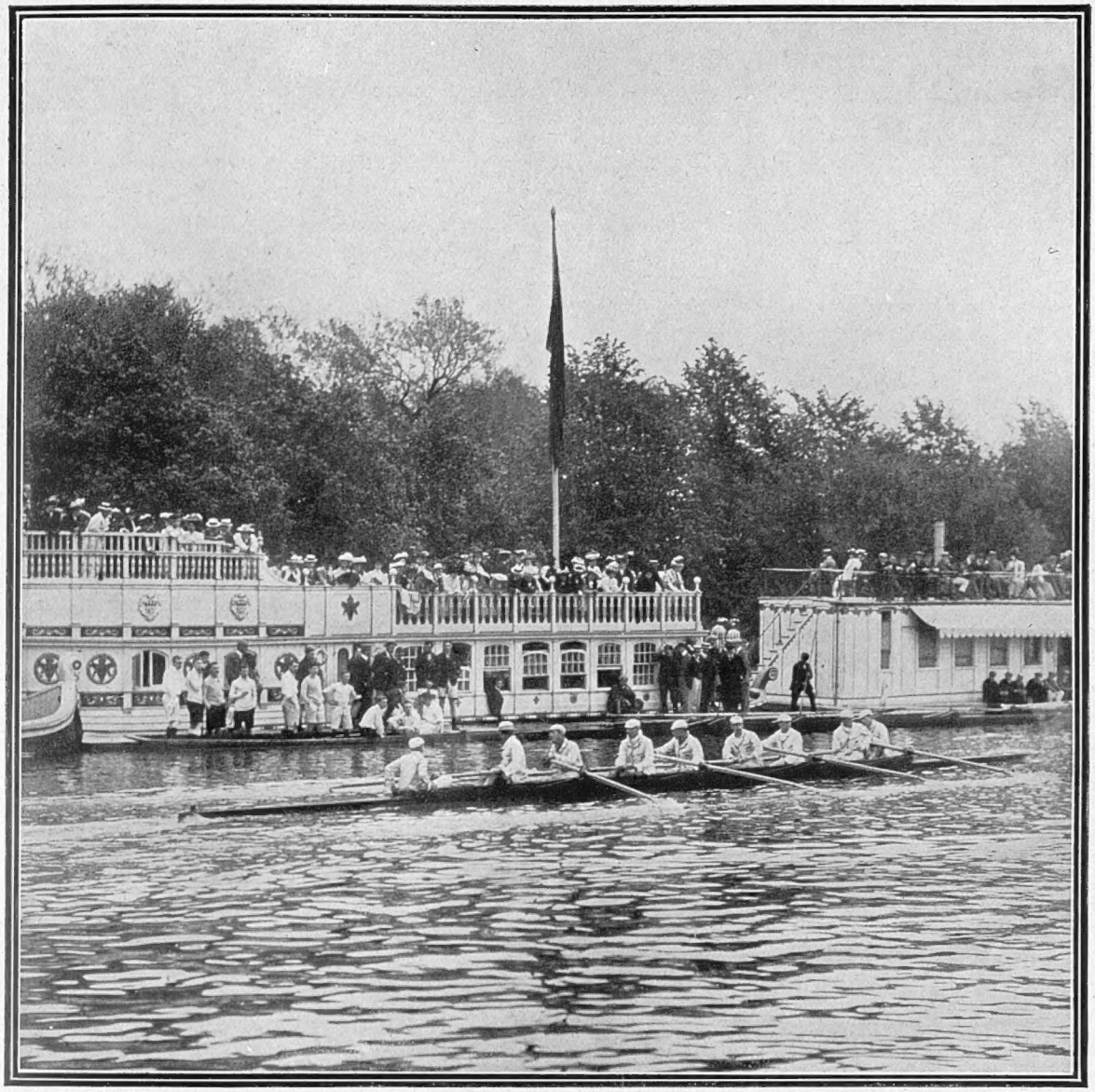
An Imperial Court of Appeal

Two of the proposals brought before the Colonial Conference the other day are of considerable interest to the legal profession. With one of them, an Imperial Court of Appeal, probably very few people will disagree, for it is difficult to see any logical reason why appeals from the United Kingdom should go to the House of Lords, and those from the Colonies, including the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man, to the Privy Council. I suppose that the historical reason is that in the one case the appeal is to the King in Parliament and in the other to the King out of Parliament. All the Law Lords are members of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and the only practical difference between the two tribunals is that the Colonial judges cannot hear appeals from the United Kingdom.

An Imperial Bar

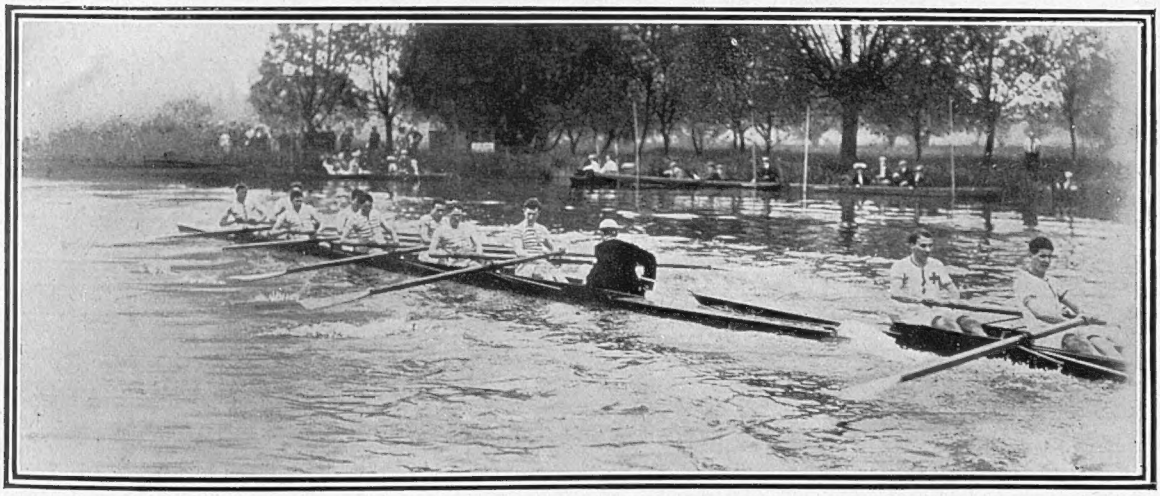
The other proposal—the amalgamation of the local Bars at home and in the Colonies, so that an Australian barrister should be a member of the English and Scotch Bars, and *vice versâ*—is a much more doubtful one. The idea is attractive, but the practical difficulties are very great. Only an Admirable Crichton would be competent to practise everywhere, since there are four main systems of law within the Empire—English in England, Ireland, Australia, and New Zealand; Scotch in Scotland; French in Canada and Mauritius; and Roman-Dutch in South Africa and Ceylon, not to mention peculiar systems like that of the Channel Islands. And then there is the horrible fact that in some of the Colonies there is no distinction between barristers and solicitors.

Oxford Eights: The "House" Bumps Magdalen



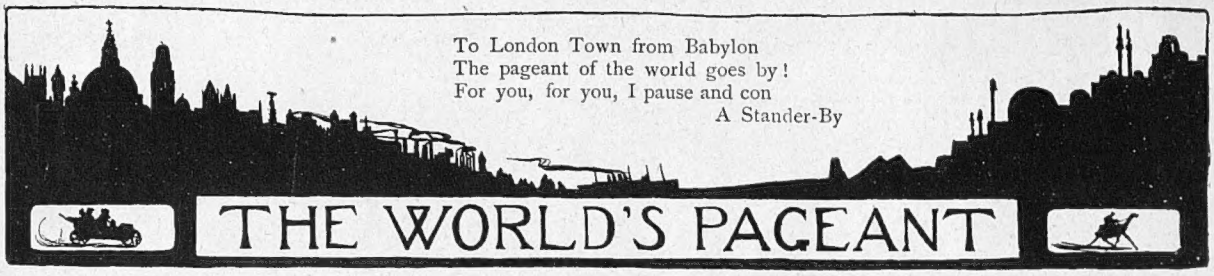
Christchurch Head of the River for the first time in fifty-eight years

The victors passing the Magdalen barge on the way to the start



Second Division: Merton bumps Worcester

The Oxford Eights Week opened rather inauspiciously last Thursday, in unsettled and cold weather, with the result that the attendance was not as large as usual



Royal Movements—The King

With greater facility than ever, by the aid of the motor, is the King enabled to indulge his taste for racing. At any moment when State affairs wax too arduous or messages arrive that good sport on the field is anticipated, His Majesty's fine, big limousine may be ordered to the door, and the King whirled off to the chief racing scene of the day. Formerly, when the chartering of a special train was a necessary part of a Royal excursion, it was not so easy, but to-day, when a telephone message to the garage is the sole preparation needed, slipping the chains of office is a simpler matter. Our snapshot of the King was taken on His Majesty's arrival at Kempton Park on Whit Monday. He was accompanied by Mrs. Ronald Greville, his hostess, and Major Holford, and was preceded, also in cars, by the rest of the house-party assembled at Reigate Priory to meet him.

* * *

The Queen

Until next Wednesday—which is Derby Day—there is a lull in big racing events. On that day the King, on his return from the meeting, will, in accordance with established custom, entertain the Jockey Club at dinner at Buckingham Palace. The Queen, provided present engagements hold good, will dine with the Duchess of Devonshire at Devonshire House, and be present afterwards at the *danse intime*, to which the King and his guests will come on from Buckingham Palace. If the Princess Victoria is well enough, she will accompany the Queen, but her Royal Highness is not even yet entirely strong, and the prolongation of the cruise in the Mediterranean was undertaken in great part on her account.

* * *

The Princess of Wales

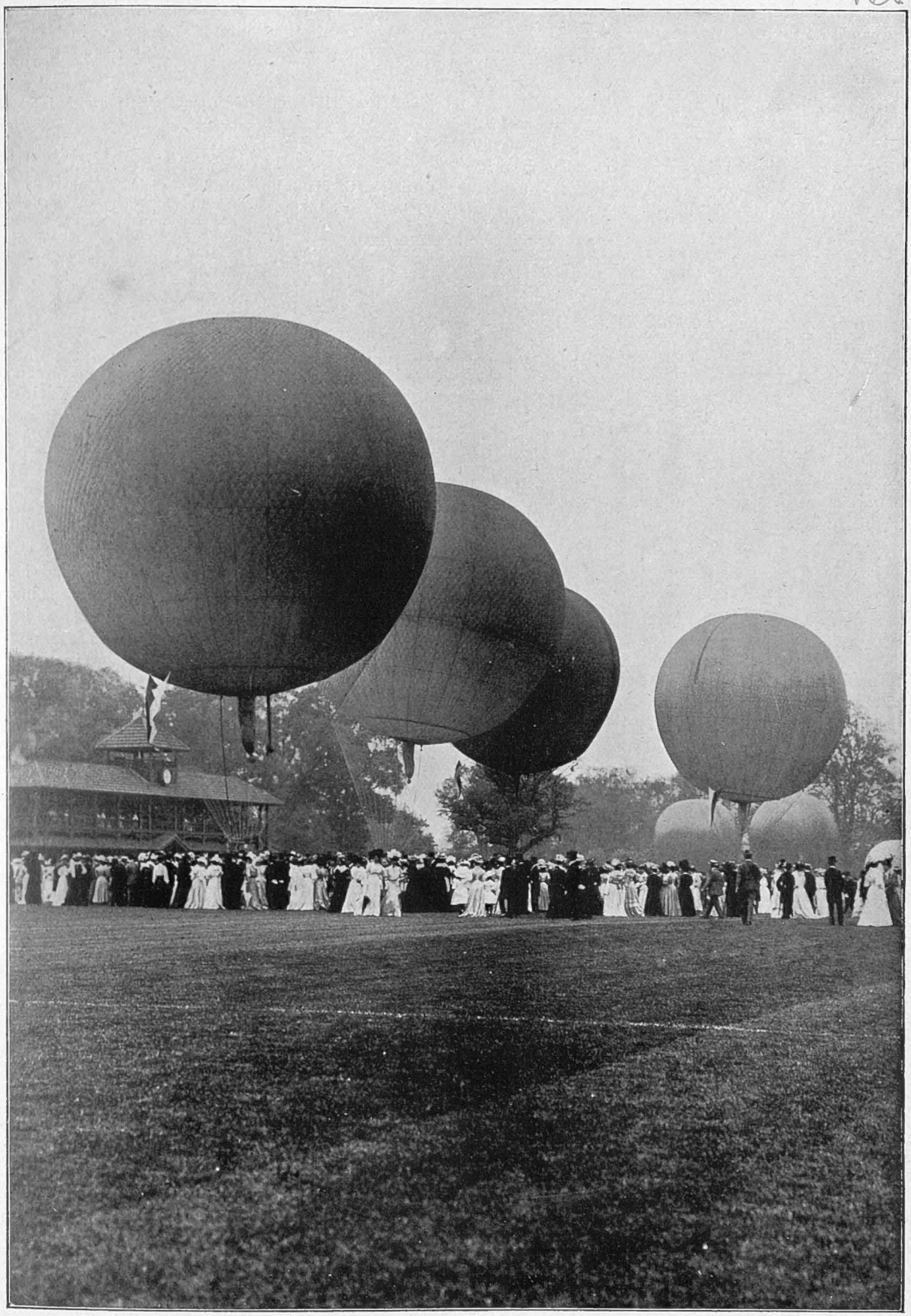
Several of the papers, I notice, announce that the Princess of Wales will not go to Cowes this year. She never does—but that is a detail! The Isle of Wight climate does not suit her Royal Highness at all. It is to be hoped it will not have the same effect on Prince Edward. I am told the Princess misses her son considerably, but at the same time it is good for him to be away from maternal "fussings," for he is just a little inclined to "nerves." Osborne will cure that sooner than Marlborough House, where the discipline, though almost as strict, is naturally of a more intimate character. It was to Prince Edward,

The Arrival of the King at the Hurst Park Races on Whit Monday

His Majesty motored over from Reigate with his host and hostess, Capt. and Mrs. Ronald Greville, with whom he was staying. He was also accompanied by Lord Brougham and Capt. Holford. The other members of the house-party at Reigate Priory, including Lord Marcus Beresford, Mrs. Keppel, and Lady Sarah Wilson, were also present

Ballooning as a Sport

THE START OF THE GREAT RACE FROM RANELAGH



The balloon race for the Harbord Cup took place on Saturday, ten balloons starting from Ranelagh. The "winning post" was Goring Railway Station, and Mr. F. H. Butler's Dolce Far Niente was successful in descending only one hundred yards from this spot. Second and third were Colonel Capper's Pegasus and the Hon. C. S. Rolls's Nebula. Many of the competitors had exciting experiences by running into a severe thunderstorm which was raging at the time

Postponed Courts and Disappointed Débutantes

by the way, that, when the Prince and Princess of Wales were in the Colonies, Dean Farrar said, "How glad you'll be to have your mother back!" "Well," replied the little Prince, "I don't know. You see, she's rather tiresome, sometimes."

* * *

Postponed Courts and Disappointed Débutantes

Next week, indeed, the season proper at last begins. The King's Levée, on Monday, promises to be rather more interesting than such functions usually are. His Majesty has commanded a number of survivors of the Indian Mutiny to attend—those present at the Siege of Delhi as well as at the Siege and Relief of Lucknow; and this, in view of the present slightly perturbed state of Indian affairs, is decidedly of interest. At Buckingham Palace, on Thursday, the King and Queen will hold a much-delayed Court. For this, and the two succeeding ones, the Lord Chamberlain has received applications so numerous that there is no hope of even half of them being entertained at all this year. Many a *débutante*, therefore, has had her hopes deferred, and many a matron anxious for presentation her spirits dashed; and, of course, the fact that there have been no May Courts has contributed in great degree to the plethora of applications for those in June. While people generally are very glad to think that their Majesties leave no stone unturned in the quest of health and pleasure and *entente*-making with foreign Powers, there is a feeling that social duties at home are a no less important part of the Monarchical duties. Seeing, again, how heavy are the chances, at any moment, of the Court being thrown into mourning by the death of one of the innumerable scions of the various Houses, it is felt that rather more hay might be made during the rare intervals when the sun does shine.

Photo *Langfier, 23a, Old Bond Street*

Lady Helen Grosvenor

One of the prettiest *débutantes* of this season. She is the daughter of Katharine, Duchess of Westminster and the late Duke of Westminster. Her presentation had to be postponed last year owing to severe illness

* * *

The Impromptu Invitation

The return of the Queen to England may, socially, waken things up a bit. So far, the "Season," in the once-accepted meaning of the word, has been practically non-existent. Cold winds and drenching showers have kept the Park, and Ranelagh, and Hurlingham quite out of the social programme. Big dinners, bigger balls, and crowded receptions have had no part in the general scheme of things. Every party has been "impromptu." Anyway, invitations have all been by telephone, and in the form Mrs. George West has lately immortalised:—

Will Mrs. S. dine with Lady T. and bring a man, and if she can't find one she musn't come, as it would make the number thirteen. ?

Or,

Will Mr. G. dine with Lady T. to-night? If not, will he look in the card-room and see if any of her lot are there, and suggest somebody?

* * *

Lady Helen Grosvenor

One of the most interesting presentations of the season is that of Lady Helen Grosvenor, the daughter of Katharine, Duchess of Westminster and of the late Duke of Westminster. Last year, Lady Helen, it will be remembered, just at the height of the season, was very seriously ill. Her recovery for a time was almost despaired of, and her convalescence lasted well into the autumn. In so far as important chaperons are concerned, Lady Helen is one of the best-dowered maidens in the country. The Duchess of Teck, Lady Cobham, the Countess of Leicester, the young Duchess of Westminster, and Lady Hugh Grosvenor, are only a few of those qualified by close relationship for the position; but she and her mother are devoted to each other and always together, so extra chaperonic aid is seldom required.

* * *

A Duke's Funny Little Ways

In appearance Lady Helen Grosvenor is very like her father, the late Duke of Westminster. She has not yet, however, developed a little habit of his Grace's which invariably distinguished him in the paying of bills. When writing out a cheque for a bill, especially if it were for an hotel bill, the Duke would never make the payment out for anything less than pounds. Shillings and pence he despised, but it was to be noted that he simplified his debts in this way, not by adding, but by docking. Thus if his bill came to £5 12*s.* 6*d.*, his cheque in payment would be for £5, not for £6. But, needless to say, his creditors all knew of his Grace's little propensities in this direction, and made their bills out accordingly.

The "Misfortune" of Being a Soldier

Photo *Trio*

General Kuroki and Suite leaving Government Buildings after the official reception, Victoria, B.C.

The famous General's speech, replying to a toast, in which he referred to soldiering as "the profession to which I have the misfortune to belong," attracted some attention as showing the modest view taken of his calling by an Eastern warrior as contrasted with the pride in arms of the Westerner. That a great soldier should refer to arms in such regretful terms betokens a singularly modest attitude of mind on the part of the Japanese

Pentecost at Westminster

The Archbishop of Westminster

Archbishop Bourne, on Whit Sunday, having returned from Rome, celebrated High Mass in the Cathedral of Westminster. Our photograph probably depicts the last festival High Mass to be said by him in his present state, for the announcement that he is to be created a Cardinal will not now be much longer delayed. Archbishop Bourne, though not of aristocratic birth, is a most cultured and charming man. A tremendous worker, his episcopate has been noteworthy for the progress of social effort in every possible direction. In the diocese of Southwark, his popularity is unbounded. His strong, yet mobile face is indicative of his character. Singularly charming in conversation, the Archbishop is yet of a grave and serious temperament, loathes publicity, and is altogether simple-minded.

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The Unchangeable Type

His face, as the late Mrs. Craigie once said of a certain other eminent divine, bears that unmistakable stamp which, in the Roman Church, has never changed with the centuries. In it, the same prayers produce the same persistency of the lips; the same faith gives the same steadfastness to the eyes; and the same courage, drawn from the same sources, gives the same kind of self-possession. In private most winning, Archbishop Bourne shows great dignity of manner in ceremonies, and his quiet, restrained style of preaching reveals material most valuable. Dr. Bourne is much gifted in financial administration. During the three or four years of his episcopate he has shown immense organising power, and a keen sense of the importance of detail, which has already borne much good fruit.

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Cardinals—in England and in Rome

Cardinals in England have a much better time socially than in Rome. Here they enjoy comparative freedom, and may come and go wheresoever, and meet whomsoever, they please. In Rome, a Cardinal may not walk in the streets. He drives and takes the air in one or other of the parks, the ever-demure secretary walking alongside, a man-servant a few steps behind, and his Eminence's brougham, drawn by a pair of black horses, bringing up the funereal rear. Cardinal Merry del Val, the Papal Under-Secretary of State, whose correspondence with Mgr. Montagnini is still setting the French Catholic world by the ears, is always an object of keen interest to English visitors when he takes his walks abroad.

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The Apartments of a Cardinal

In the Vatican, Cardinal Merry del Val occupies the Borgia apartments, and there, naturally, the painted presentment of the beautiful but frail Lucrezia Borgia is much to the fore. Over the door leading into the Cardinal's apartments, Pinturicchio has painted her in a lovely frieze as Saint Catherine, and, in a lunette, the Borgia and her mother, Vanozza, as the Madonna holding the baby Cæsar, are wonderfully, if scarcely scripturally, portrayed.

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

Worship at Westminster: Archbishop Bourne at High Mass in the Roman Catholic Cathedral on Whit Sunday

A Princely Lawn Tennis Player

King Oscar of Sweden

The veteran King Oscar of Sweden will celebrate his golden wedding on June 6, but in consequence of His Majesty's increasing frailty, the event will be shorn of all social *éclat*, and the good ladies of Stockholm will have to sigh in vain for invitations to Court balls. As a matter of fact, the King of Sweden has now practically resigned all official connection with the Government of the country, the constitutional functions appertaining to the monarchy being almost exclusively exercised by the Crown Prince. Ever reluctant to lay down the reins, King Oscar has at last realised that his mental and physical powers, sorely strained by the recent troubles with Norway, which led to separation, are not capable of administering State affairs. His deputy, Prince Gustaf, has stepped into the breach with complete Ministerial approval, and though handicapped to some extent by the fact that until quite recently his father would not admit him to the State Councils, makes a zealous and tactful Regent. Games, I may add, enter largely into the Crown Prince's life, and no considerations whatever—not even, it is said, a gentle hint from the Prime Minister—will make him forego his daily match in the lawn tennis court. His Royal Highness is not only the president of the Club at Idrottsparken, called after his name, but he is its leading member and ruling spirit. During the Open International Tournament, held last week, the Royal racquet was not only seen in court (in an exhibition contest), but the Crown Prince persisted in mounting the umpire's rostrum (and in the Stockholm arena this official is railed off like an auctioneer), on which he spent nearly two hours dispensing justice in a Ladies' Singles. A little short-sighted, the Prince once or twice failed to gauge the exact direction of low base-line shots; but no umpire could have done his work more conscientiously, or given his decisions more decisively—in English, by the way.

Supplied *P.P.A.*

A Princely Lawn Tennis Player: The Crown Prince of Sweden

Although acting as Regent owing to the advanced age of King Oscar, the Crown Prince finds time to indulge in his favourite game. He recently took part in the lawn tennis tournament at Stockholm, where he also acted as umpire in the Ladies' Singles

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A Democratic Prince

At the Crown Prince's Club, the scene of the recent tournament, the Royal umpire not only called the score, but marked the games, by moving to and fro a sequence of white balls sliding on a rail below his seat. These he tapped with a stick, leaning over the rail and forming an inverted V. None of the crowd of spectators present seemed the least surprised to see their Regent and future King thus engaged, for the Swedes are by this time quite familiar with the democratic habits of their Royal Family. Especially do they know that their Crown Prince has a passion for lawn tennis. I have heard it said that when Prince Gustaf ascends the throne, as he must do before many months have passed, the etiquette of the Court, elastic as it is, will not permit him to compete at public tournaments as he does now and to bear off prizes. He will, however, still continue to pay a daily visit to the courts and engage in a practice game with some of the members, a few of whom he treats like brothers, and the others with every mark of geniality. Within the last few years, Prince Gustaf has been mildly afflicted with the motor mania, and may now often be seen spinning over the floating bridges which connect Stockholm with Drottningholm, the present residence of Princess Gustaf Adolph, formerly Princess Margaret of Connaught. The husband of this charming and popular young lady, by the way, being now in the Service, is never seen in the streets of the capital without his uniform.

Wealth and Its Attendant Woes

The Return of Melba

"Rank and fashion," whatever the term may mean, assembled, as usual, in full force last week to hear Melba at Covent Garden. Socially, Mme. Melba enjoys a unique position. She knows nearly everyone, she goes nearly everywhere, yet she preserves for herself that freedom of life which is the prerogative of the actress. Always very jolly, and entirely without affectation, the prima donna takes little or no care of her voice. Patti abjured tea for ever, seldom ate sweets, and once, in the interests of her voice, made herself ill by eating nothing but roast beef and baked apples for a whole year. But Melba does nothing of the kind. She partakes of the food of "the gods" to whom she sings—and leaves the consequences on their knees.

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A Curly Story

She possesses a Colonial accent, a peculiarly attractive laugh, fine eyelashes, and—her voice. From the beginning, she once told me, the King and Queen were kindness itself to her. Once, during one of her first seasons at Covent Garden, she was singing in *Lucia* when some false curls she was wearing fell unashamed to the ground. It was impossible to pick them up, so she went on singing, hoping that the then Prince and Princess, in their box near the stage, had not noticed. But afterwards the Princess said to her (very archly for Alexandra!), "And they were such nice curls, too!"

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Wealth and Beauty

Baron von Eckhardstein, late Secretary to the German Embassy in London, whose matrimonial troubles have lately been made public property, was, when he married the only child of Sir John Blundell Maple in 1896, one of the handsomest men in the Diplomatic Service. Miss Maple inherited all her father's wealth. Both are now—the one in Germany, the other in England—petitioning for divorce. Old Sir John Maple, it will be remembered, did not take too kindly to a foreign son-in-law. He left him but a meagre and an entirely conditional allowance, and he attached to his will the onerous condition that his daughter must spend at least two-thirds of every year on her English estates.

* * *

A Typical German

To-day, the troubled Baron is rather stout and very Teutonic in appearance. He is a great friend of the Kaiser, devoted to yachting, and extremely stolid. For hours I have seen him mooning stolidly on his yacht; then, suddenly, seeing something was expected of him, he would say, "Let's have a glass of peer." His outward bulk is, however, but a cloak for a good deal of what the Kaiser doubtless finds most useful knowledge. Not long since, a group of English statesmen were talking together, when the Baron amazed them by telling all he knew, which was a very great deal. Not an Englishman present knew all he did about the wars of this country, both naval and military, for the last eight centuries, their influence and result. He is a loyal German, but has been known to deplore the shortsightedness of Germany's great men, who do not see the wood for the trees, and who split hairs and pick up pins as the good and great things pass them by.

Photo *Elliott and Fry*

The Baroness von Eckhardstein

Petitioning in England for a divorce against her husband, who is himself doing likewise against her, in Germany, on the grounds of "disobedience!"

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The Sorrows of the Rich

The rich, indeed, are greatly to be pitied. Consider Mr. Carnegie. He toils not, neither does he spin; but still they come, those tiresome dollars, and he cannot get rid of them. He endows a free library one day. Steel goes up two points the next. And there is all his work over again. What sorrow of the poor can compare with such vexation of the rich? The more Mr. Carnegie spends the more he has. The difficulty of making anything like an adequate hole in his pocket is so great that no poor man (according to Andrew) can really know what a trouble it is. With Mr. Carnegie, of course, the real trouble is that he has no imagination. That defect, combined with a plethora of dollars, is what Andrew is suffering from. Picture to yourself a mind which has free libraries and technical schools for its uttermost limits of romance! The poverty of it! The boredom! It is awful to contemplate, and I am not at all sure that even forty-four thousand dollars a day would make it bearable.

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A Retiring Manager

Lord Archibald Campbell, who is resigning the active management of Coutts's Bank, is the younger brother and heir-presumptive of the Duke of Argyll. For over thirty years he has been actively connected with the great Strand bank. Before that he was in the tea trade. He and Lord Farquhar were at Coutts's together. Lord Farquhar married his chief's widow, Lady Scott, and became Housekeeper-in-Ordinary to the King. Lord Archibald Campbell (Lord Archie, as he is invariably called) married Miss Janey Callander, a young lady with views of her own on every conceivable subject. Lady Archie was one of the earliest advocates of rational dress for women,

Please Pauperise Me!

and she founded the Society of Pastoral Players, whose performance of *As You Like It* drew all fashionable London to Coombe Hill Farm.

* * *

"Mr. and Mrs. Rolling Stone"

She and Whistler were great friends. They once lunched or dined together at Jack Straw's Castle, on Hampstead Heath, and there her ladyship inscribed their names in the Visitor's Book as "Mr. and Mrs. Rolling Stone." She was very pretty in those days, and extremely clever, but she always dressed in the quaintest fashion. Whistler painted her wearing the weirdest gloves and sticking out a very pointed toe. I remember now the sensation her ladyship created at the funeral of Mr. Godwin, the artistic architect, father of Miss Ellen Terry's children. She arrived with Whistler, driving a high dog-cart, and was attired in the brightest of blues and yellows. Lady Archie, too, was the first woman to take up roller-skating. For a time, she made quite a fashion of it.

Photo *Poole*

Mr. Andrew Carnegie

His ceaseless efforts to reduce his fortune by indiscriminate charity seem doomed to failure. Mr. Carnegie remains, despite his frantic philanthropy, as wealthy as ever

* * *

The Premier Marquis of Scotland

The Marquis of Huntly, Earl of Enzie, Earl of Aboyne, Viscount Inverness, Baron of Badenoch, Lochaber, Strathavon, Auchindown, Balmore, Garthie, and Kincardine, and Baron Meldrum, Premier Marquis of Scotland, seems to spend most of his time involved in civil actions of some sort. He is, however, as his friends will tell you, a disappointed man. In his august person, as head of the aristocratic but poverty-stricken "Gay Gordons," he allied himself with one who was of lesser rank, the elder daughter of Sir William Cunliffe Brooks, the great financier. Sir William, the richest man and the greatest source of popular amusement on Deeside, settled down at Glentana. The Gordons clustered round him. He paid their debts. He paid his son-in-law's debts. He gave great balls and entertained in regal fashion. To his vast disappointment, however, no command ever came from Balmoral, and this, to the son of solid Dissenting *Commerçants* of Blackburn, was a never-failing source of annoyance.

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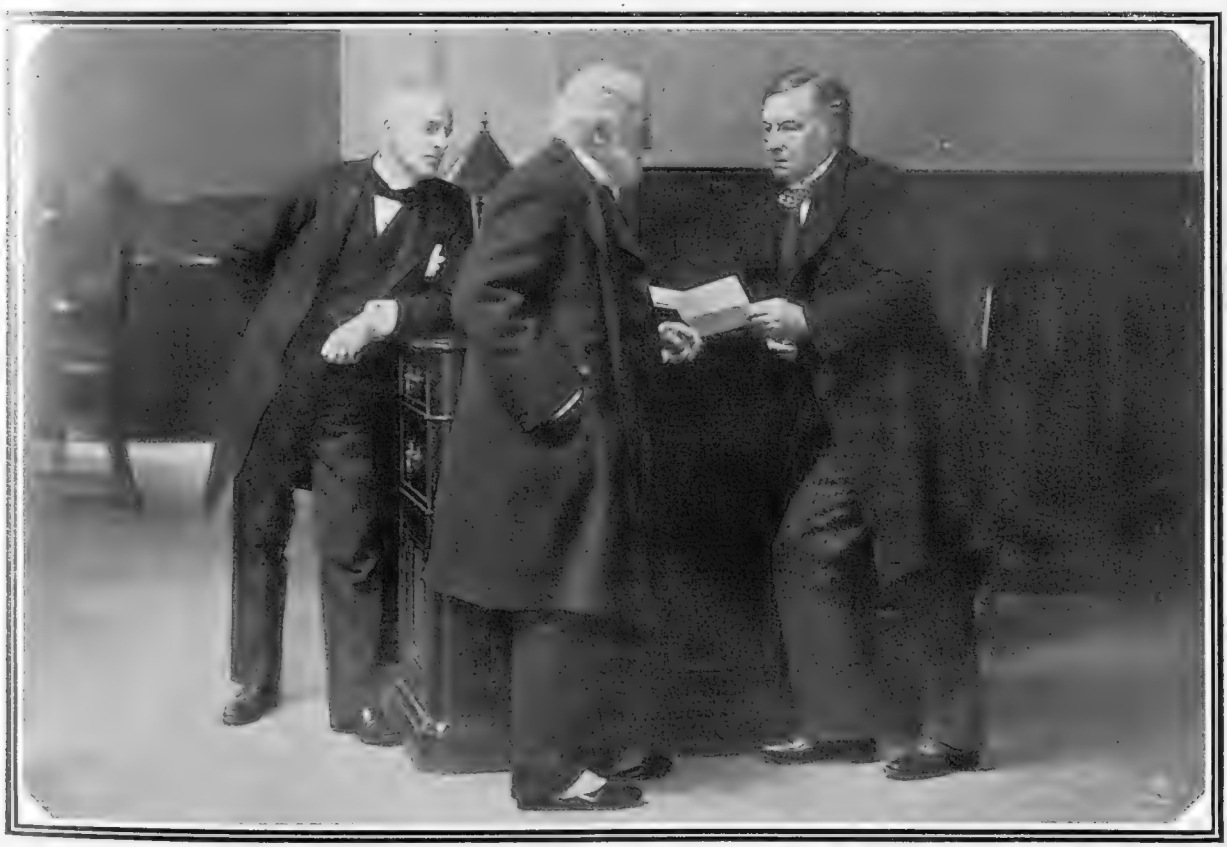
His Will

It was quite understood by the Gordon Clan that,



Photo] Lord Archibald Campbell Mr. Jarrett Mr. Malcolm *[Bunnett*

Coutts's Bank: A trio of well-known partners

Lord Archibald has lately retired from Coutts's, after thirty years' service. He is the brother and heir-presumptive of the Duke of Argyll

Lord Huntly's Legal Troubles

in return for the honour their chief had done the old gentleman in marrying his daughter, he would, when he died, so benefit the Marquis of Huntly that the title would no longer be an empty one. In this, however, they were mistaken. Sir William always disapproved in his plebeian heart of the Gordon ways, and he objected to his daughter's (the Marchioness of Huntly) manner of living and expenditure. When he died, therefore, he left his estates, Glentana and Aboyne, to his grandchildren, the children of Lady Francis Cecil, leaving to his second wife, a very clever woman, a mere pittance of £1,800 a year; to his daughter, Lady Huntly, a few trifling bequests, and to his august son-in-law, the Premier Marquis of Scotland, nothing at all. Both Lady Brooks and Lady Huntly at once instituted an action which went to prove that Sir William was a Scotsman, and that, therefore, his estate was divisible according to Scottish law. But they lost their case, and the Gordons were left lamenting and poorer than ever.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The Marquis of Huntly

Whose financial troubles have lately been occupying the attention of the Courts

The Month of Weddings

Many weddings—the unlucky month of May once over—will take place during the next few weeks. On Saturday, Lord Hothfield's daughter, Miss Rosamund Tufton, is to marry Mr. Stuart Anderson, and on the same day an interesting "musical" wedding is that of Miss Rosalind Bridge, daughter of Sir Frederick Bridge, to Dr. Edward Stainer. Next week the marriage of Lady Dorothy Gathorne-Hardy and Mr. Rupert D'Oyly-Carte is celebrated at St. George's, Hanover Square; and other weddings following in quick succession are those of Lord Guernsey and Miss Gladys Fellowes; Mr. Cairnes Candy, who is to spend his honeymoon at Clumber, the home of his sister, the Duchess of Newcastle, and Miss Gladys Bourne; Lord Delamore and Miss Saltmarshe; and Miss Nina Hill, only daughter of Lord and Lady Arthur Hill, to Mr. George Brooke, of Summerton, Co. Dublin. Mr. Brooke, by the way, has resigned his commission in the Guards, and intends in future to devote himself entirely to his father's wine business in Dublin.

Photos

Captain Maurice Pope

Late 17th Lancers, of the Albany, Piccadilly, to marry Miss Dolly Warre

Thomson

Miss Dolly Warre

Younger daughter of Mr. George Acheton Warre, of Roland House, Roland Gardens, to be married to Captain Maurice Pope

Wellington College

WHERE THE KING WILL SHORTLY OPEN A NEW BLOCK OF BUILDINGS

A general view of Wellington College from the cricket field

Photos *W. H. Dee*

The New Buildings, which are to be opened by the King

Although of comparatively recent foundation in comparison with other public schools, as it only dates from 1856, Wellington has rapidly won its way into the first rank among the great schools of England, and its expansion has necessitated the building of a new block, including a large dining hall. His Majesty, who has always shown a great interest in the school, will perform the opening ceremony shortly

For the Suffering Rich

The Fashion in Restaurants

Fashion is as fickle and every whit as unreasonable in her choice of where to dine as in her choice of what to wear and how to wear it. Ten years ago—or should we say fifteen—one dined at home. Then, when the Cecil was built, it became a part of the social system to dine either there or at the Métropole near by. Later came the Carlton, which, for a long time, held unquestioned sway as the only place at which to lunch, or dine, or sup. With the re-opening of the Savoy, that restaurant made a bid for the return of Fashion's favour, and to-day one has but to sup in the beautiful riverside apartments to meet all the world and his wife. Of late, the Ritz, with a great fanfare of trumpets, and in one of the finest positions in London, has risen in our midst, and now provides accommodation for dukes and foreigners, of either of which one always sees any number there.

A staggering blow to the Government!
Mr. Chaplin's familiar smile, on his return to Parliament for Wimbledon, as seen by C. P. Hawkes

The Great and the Small

Through all these ups and downs of restaurant fashions, Claridge's, of course, stands firm, and pursues the even, stately tenour of its way without regard to the fickleness of public taste. Claridge's has its own very extra special public. It needs no other. Of the smaller hotels, a few seem ever in the fashion. The Hyde Park Hotel draws the same people year after year by reason of its nearness to the Park, the Berkeley, the Coburg, and the immortal Brown's, of Dover Street, all these seem firmly rooted in Fashion's favour. Of late a new one has been added to these last. At least, it is not new, but it has been improved almost out of knowledge. It is "The Curzon" Hotel, at the corner of Bolton Street and Curzon Street, Piccadilly, to which of late a public restaurant has been added, and which bids fair with all dispatch to reach that acme of popularity which makes it "the restaurant of the hour."

A NEW RESORT FOR THE FASHIONABLE

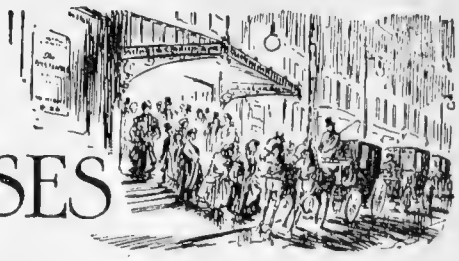
Photo *Campbell-Gray*

The Curzon Hotel, at the corner of Bolton Street and Curzon Street, Piccadilly, which has rapidly assumed the position of a fashionable "restaurant of the hour"

Though this year's Exhibition at Earl's Court is called the Balkan Exhibition, one of its main attractions is the Empress Theatre, where the visitor finds himself transported to Old Japan! This seeming incongruity, however, does not affect Earl's Court's popularity, or the enjoyment of its patrons, who are present in even greater numbers than in former years

DRAWN BY OUR IRRESPONSIBLE ARTIST, NORMAN MORROW

The PLAYHOUSES



By ERIC CLEMENT SCOTT

GAIETY THEATRE

"The Girls of Gottenberg"

Contrary to their usual practice, the Gaiety management did not favour THE BYSTANDER with an invitation to attend a performance of their new production. With no thought but that this omission was due to an oversight, I caused a letter of polite inquiry to be written to the theatre. The acting manager replied to the effect that he was very sorry, etc., but owing to the heavy demand for seats, he could not spare a ticket. Humph! The act of withholding a ticket from a newspaper is generally a thunderbolt hurled by some irate manager at some offending critic. I am quite unconscious of having incurred the wrath of the Gaiety management, so am led to the theory that the genius controlling the box-office prefers to receive cash for a ticket which was formerly on the complimentary list. If small economies be a consideration with the Gaiety management, I congratulate them upon *The Girls of Gottenberg*. Not only is it on a higher artistic plane than previous productions, but it is obviously a money-maker, and should be the means of drawing money into the box-office for many a day to come.

Photo *Dover Street Studios*

Miss Iris Hoey

The youthful musical comedy actress who was playing last week with Mr. Tree in *Julius Cæsar* at His Majesty's. Miss Hoey was one of the Little Michus in Mr. George Edwardes' touring company. She also played in *See-See* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre

A Valuable Idea

The Koepenick affair, which moved the world to laughter, has had the further effect of inspiring the little band of librettists, lyric-writers, and composers to give us of their best and brightest. No longer, as in previous productions at the Gaiety, does this little band of workers remind us of the fable in which the mountain laboured to produce a mouse. *The Girls of Gottenberg* is funny. There is not a dull moment in it. The music is bright, and returns to one in snatches which haunt the ear. As for the staging, it sets me wondering, not for the first time, why scene-painters are not made Royal Academicians. I wager that the scene depicting the Market Place of Gottenberg at the Gaiety, for combination, for perspective, for line, colour, and harmony, would give points to many a landscape now hanging on the line at Burlington House. Will some expert point out to me why the increase in the size of the painter's materials should be attended by decrease in the artistic value which is put upon his work; also, why a German scene upon the stage which makes one think of the Fatherland must ever rank below a German scene in a frame which sets one wondering how moulding is achieved? I dream of a largely extended Academy which shall open its doors to scene-painters, mantua-makers—yes, and candlestick-makers. I have a pair of candlesticks upon my writing-table which betray a deeper feeling and more reverence in the maker than could be entertained by Blank, who is responsible for that ridiculous daub, number ten million and one, in the present Academy catalogue.

But we are keeping the dear *Girls of Gottenberg* waiting—the town girls and their natural enemies, the college girls, whose uniform in olive and gold is so bewitching as to make one long for Fashion to decree that all maidens shall be dressed alike, in an olive-green uniform with gold facings. And the players? Why, no longer compelled to make bricks without straw, they show their relief from the bad and burdensome days by gambolling in the most frolicsome manner. Mr. Payne is funnier, Mr. Grossmith more entertaining, Mr. Nainby more droll, than ever Messrs. Payne, Grossmith, and Nainby have been.

A Clever Understudy

I was present on the second night, when Miss Gertie Millar was out of the cast, owing, I believe, to a sprained ankle. Anyone at all cognisant of life behind the scenes knows that stage managers do not bother about understudies until the piece is in full swing. Consequently, the young lady who appeared for Miss Millar can have obtained

little knowledge of the rôle beyond what she was able to pick up from seeing Miss Millar rehearse. In these circumstances, the understudy rushed boldly into the breach. She got through the first act without hesitation, except here and there in the words of the songs. For the second act she was compelled to bring on the MSS. of the rôle. But the point she gave to the dialogue, the nimble way in which she transferred the "part" from hand to hand to meet the exigencies of the "business," her knowledge of the "positions" (so accurate as not to put the other players out), her graceful performance of the difficult steps in the various dances, and finally, an air which said: "I don't care if it *is* difficult, and my hat *won't* keep on, and everything goes wrong, I *will* go through with it"—all these little sidelights upon the ability and personality of the understudy greatly endeared her to the audience, which manifested its appreciation by giving her a most enthusiastic curtain-call at the end of the performance. I learned that the name of this young lady is Miss Russell. I sometimes think a medal ought to be struck for understudies who do these deeds.

Photo "*Graphic*" *Photo Agency*

Miss Fanny Coleman

The veteran comedy actress, for whom a matinée benefit is to be given at the St. James's Theatre on June 13

DRURY LANE

"The Last of His Race"

Yet another play from the great Western Continent—a play presenting to us most vividly the personages and the scenes so often conjured up in our boyish imagination by the magic of Mayne Reid and Fennimore Cooper. It is commonly supposed that civilisation, with one of its attendant evils—whisky—has had a baleful effect upon the once noble and majestic Red Indian. The Eastern mind pictures him a pitiable object, wrapped in a dirty blanket, crouching sullenly over the fires of a "Reservation," or else employing his great natural gifts as a hunter inherited from his ancestors, not in the free pursuit of his own pleasure, but in the service of a pale-faced sportsman, for whom he also acts as chief cook and bottle-washer. The romantic drama at Drury Lane, however, somewhat belies its title. The authors have shown us, not the Indian to-day, fallen from his high estate, but the Indian in the regions of the Great Lakes in the days of 1756. The story of the play is just such a story as makes a good melodrama—that is say, simply and effectively told, with sufficient entanglement to pique the interest of the audience in the *dénouement*. Contrary to melodramatic custom, there is an "unhappy ending." There can be no marriage (so ardently desired by playgoers) between Niatawa and Adulola, who is the daughter of his father's murderer. So Niatawa, engaged in single combat with his enemy, allows himself to be killed, yet prevents his despairing love from self-destruction, because by that act she would be debarred from

Photo] **Mr. Ambrose Manning** (*Squire Western*) **Miss Ruth Vincent** (*Sophia Western*) **Mr. Hayden Coffin** (*Tom Jones*) [*Foulsham and Banfield*

A Scene from "Tom Jones" at the Apollo Theatre

Playgoers who expect to see a dramatisation of Fielding's famous novel will be disappointed in the production at the Apollo Theatre. But though strange liberties have been taken with the "book," the authors, and especially the composer, have achieved one of the brightest and most tuneful comic operas in recent years

following him to the happy hunting-ground. Here is tragedy rather than melodrama; so, with a view to bringing the ending into line with the general march of the play, no less than to comfort tender-hearted playgoers, three tableaux are introduced. In them are pictured the death of Adulola and her meeting with Niatawa in the Great Land Beyond.

Concerning the Players

Admirable work is done by the cast. Each player is an important and harmonious figure in the picture. We are shown the pleasing spectacle of a company working together to present a picture of unfamiliar scenes. There is no attempt on the part of any one player to accentuate personality above the requirements of the characters he or she is playing. All work for the common good. The staging and mounting are pitched in the same key. Result: a picture of Indian life of old in the Great Lakes which, whether it be accurate or not, touches the imagination. Too often a company fails to suggest to an audience little beyond the fact that it is taking part in a masquerade.

To Mr. Reeves-Smith falls the very telling rôle of the ageing Great Chief. The balance of the play is such that Lonawonda, at first the chief figure, gradually is overshadowed by the young people, Niatawa and Adulola. Mr. Reeves-Smith does nothing to disturb this balance, and plays throughout with commendable artistic restraint. He does not suffer for his modesty. I wish some actors would realise that prominence where prominence is out of order, detracts considerably from the value of their performance. Mr. Basil Gill and Miss Constance Collier as the lovers, play admirably together. Each presents a character of which the dominant notes are earnestness, dignity, and sincerity.

Photo *Lizzie Caswall Smith*

Miss Marie Lohr

Who is to play the chief rôle in *My Wife* at the Haymarket Theatre. This play is an adaptation of the great Parisian success, *Mlle. Josette, ma femme*, and Mr. Harrison, it will be recalled, experienced no little difficulty in finding an exponent of the character in England

EARL'S COURT

More than any other form of entertainment in London, Earl's Court Exhibition depends upon the weather. So far, the Clerk of the Weather has meted out very harsh treatment to the directors of the Exhibition. A cold wind blowing, and cold showers at intervals, represent climatic conditions not at all favourable to the leisurely examination of the most interesting exhibits from the little-known Balkans. At present, one takes refuge under the shelter of "Old Japan" in the Empress Theatre. Here one can spend a delightful hour examining these skilled little men at work on the different branches of their artistic craft. Our Irresponsible Artist was attracted by the joys of a solitary tea served by a bevy of Geishas. I left him making notes in his sketch-book while I wandered round admiring Mr. Herman Hart's beautiful scenic presentation (from Mr. Millard's designs) of the temples, the pagodas, and a dream of a bridge across a dream of a Lotus Pond on the banks of which cluster blossoms of peach, of cherry, and of wistaria. E. C. S.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE

The latest addition to the already strong programme at the Alhambra is Mlle. Maria Vinent, a charming *chanteuse*, who is making her first appearance in England. She sings her songs effectively, and creates a very favourable impression. De Bierre continues to mystify with his very clever tricks, and the Millman Trio perform some daring feats on the tight wire. Miss Birdie Millman, in particular, gives as clever and graceful an exhibition as I have ever seen. In addition to the ballets, "L'Amour" and "Queen of Spades," the programme includes Urbani and Son and Les Bollingers. It seems to me a pity, however, that a theatre boasting to be the National Variety House should have practically none but foreign artists filling its bill.

PAVILION THEATRE

Miss Kitty Gordon, fresh from the Aldwych Theatre, where she has been playing in *Nelly Neil* with so much success, is delighting the patrons of this hall with her singing. Perhaps the most applauded of her songs is the "Cigarette Song," from *Nelly Neil*, which she sings with that peculiar charm which made it such a characteristic number in the musical play. As regards the remainder of the programme, I think it time for Mr. Whit Cunliffe to change his songs. To put it but mildly, one is apt to weary of "Hallo, Hallo, Hallo, It's a different girl again!" in spite of any efforts we may make to continue to be amused by it. The Seldoms have varied their poses, and continue to attract enthusiastic audiences. Mr. Neil Kenyon, the clever Scotch comedian, provides one of the most amusing turns I have seen at any hall for months; while Messrs. George Mozart, Malcolm Scott, and The Regals are among others who contribute to a first-rate programme.

THE HIPPODROME

At the Hippodrome, Speedy continues to amaze with his tremendous diving feat. He dives from an altitude of 135 ft. into the arena. To obtain this height he has to be hoisted by the aid of pulleys to a platform 25 ft. above the roof of the Hippodrome. R. M.

CONTINENTAL CHAT

Rome: The End of the Season

The Roman season practically finishes at Whitsuntide, for no social event of any importance takes place after that date. Rome at all times has been celebrated for the brilliancy of its social life, and no capital in the world has had the advantages of its traditions—to say nothing of its situation and its climate. Yet the Roman Society whose elegance so dazzled Montaigne and Chateaubriand, and about which they both wrote with such enthusiasm, scarcely exists to-day. It was after the Piedmontese invasion that the great change took place, and a gulf was formed between the subjects of the Pontifical Court and the supporters of the young Monarchy, which, even when Time has played his usual rôle, will never entirely vanish. The ancient customs of the Vatican, however, are still retained. In this twentieth century, as in the time gone by, when those honours were a symbol of power, the Orsini and Colonna still stand by the Holy Father's throne, and their nobility—the oldest in Rome—forbids them to take part in ordinary every-day social events.

Photo H.M. THE QUEEN OF ITALY *Guigoni*

* * *

Queen Marguerite's Influence

Prince Massimo still swears allegiance to the Sovereign Pontiff in his costume for that office, whilst it has been Prince Francesco Ruspoli's duty, for centuries, to welcome foreign Sovereigns to the Palace. The Conclave, too, has had a Chigi for Marshal for many a long day, the Princess Chigi being the first lady in Roman Society received by a new Pope. The Lancellotti, Ruspoli, Salviati, Rospigliosi, Barberini, Borghése, Sacchetti, and Soderini, whose family history is the history of Papacy itself, will never break the bonds that bind them to the Holy See; but their allegiance to-day is becoming very local. Young branches of these families, too, frequently marry members of Royalist Society—such as the Doria, Caetani, Odescalchi, Sforza, Cesarini, and even the Colonna and Ruspoli—an event which would have been unpardonable a century ago. Queen Marguerite, who had ever the welfare of the Italian people at heart, did her best to smooth the relations between the two distinctive social parties. She undertook what was almost a thankless task—to bring together the Ambassadors of the Holy See and the Quirinal; for a few years ago, not only official, but private intercourse between these two personages was strictly forbidden, and foreigners who came to Rome had to choose which Ambassador they wished to visit. It appears that, in days gone by, the two Spanish representatives occupied the same palace, each, of course, having his separate establishment, although sharing the same grand staircase. They took precautions to have their separate reception days, so that members of the different societies should be spared the mortification of meeting one another on the threshold. One day, however, through the gross carelessness of someone responsible, Queen Marguerite and her suite were on the staircase at the same time as a number of Cardinals, an incident which was unheard of in the annals of Roman Society. Leo XIII., with his usual tact, at once suggested a remedy, and, a short time afterwards, the Ambassador to the Quirinal moved to the Barberini Palace.

* * *

Modernising Rome

In becoming modern, Roman Society has grown exceedingly commonplace. Americans have invaded the capital of Italy as well as Paris and London; and with their appearance many of the oldest traditions have vanished for ever. Even the tact of Leo XIII. could not save them, although he did his very best. He emphatically expressed a wish that Roman ladies

would continue to receive in their own palaces, ignoring the fact that smart America gave her balls at the Grand Hotel. He considered it disobedience to himself for any lady to be *décolletée* when dining with a Cardinal. For a time both these requests were respected, especially the latter, it being considered the height of smartness to arrive late at a reception, clad in a high-necked dress—it looked as if one had been dining with a Cardinal. Since the death of Leo XIII., Roman Society has become lax to a degree that should make the venerable Pontiff groan in his grave!

* * *

Roman Nobles and American Wives

When it was decided to abolish *majorats* and divide property into equal parts, the Roman nobles saw, only too clearly, that the princely existences of former times were out of the question. And American luxury seemed to make even their ancient palaces look shabby. There was only one remedy. To save themselves from ruin, several of them were obliged to marry Americans. These unions, as a rule, were far from happy, and the brides, after passing one or two winters in Rome, have gone elsewhere to spend their money. The subscription ball at the Grand Hotel has now taken the place of the private ball in the ancestral palace. The famous *raout* has sunk into oblivion, whilst the Colonna and Mardi Gras balls —once the events of the season—if given at all, are considered, more or less, a *corvée*. For want of something better to do, fashionable men spend their time trying to compromise the members of the opposite sex, and it appears that a Royal Duke will shortly be the hero of the next *cause célèbre*. And Italians have such curious methods of gaining their own ends! In order to punish the beautiful Marchesa Theodoli (an American whose beauty caused quite a sensation when she first came to Rome) for not deigning to listen to his suit, an Italian noble shot himself before her portrait. And many of her dearest friends very much doubted her innocence. Pope Pius X., in mourning for the loss of the eldest daughter of the Church, France, has made no effort to call Roman Society to order, and Queen Elena, unlike Queen Marguerite, is shy and retiring, and loves to spend as much of her time as possible with her children.

* * *

"La Passeggiata"

In the days of Queen Marguerite, "*la passeggiata*" played a very important rôle in Society life. On Sundays and Thursdays, whole lines of carriages would be seen wending their way from the Villa Borghese or the Villa Pamphili to a fashionable tea-shop in the Place de Venice, or to see the sun setting behind the blue dome of St. Peter's. Then, suddenly, windows would fly open on every side, handkerchiefs would be waved, and the Italian words would ring out: "*La benedetta Regina, la nostra Margherita, il nostro poi.*" To-day, artists and travellers still go to watch the beautiful sunsets, but not to acclaim their Queen, for Queen Elena spends most of her time on her husband's preserves at Fusano or with her children at the Villa Ada.

Photo *Topical*

In the Heart of the Hartz: The open-air stage of the Hartz Mountain Theatre

This curious theatre, which owes its origin to the poet, Dr. Ernest Wachler, is situated not far from Thale, on the wooded slopes of the Hartz Mountains, and has just been re-opened for the coming season

Photo *Topical Agency*

"My Hat!" Prince Arthur of Connaught and his busby, with which he startled Madrid

Even though the inhabitants of Madrid were overflowing with excitement with regard to the christening of the little Prince of Asturias last Saturday week, they yet found time to show their curiosity in the busby worn by Prince Arthur of Connaught, the King's representative at the ceremony

Rome's Ambassadorial Hosts

During her reign, Queen Marguerite tried her best to interest the people in literature and, above all, social work. They listened to her with the greatest pleasure, had the best intentions, and then, in the whirlwind of social movements, promptly forgot them. The present Queen leaves them in peace. The most interesting receptions in Rome are given at the Embassies. Lady Egerton entertains a great deal, and invites as many as two hundred to her afternoon parties. The French Ambassador, who is installed in the renowned Farnèse Palace, has one of the most beautiful homes in the city; whilst the Austrian Ambassador's wife, who, contrary to the late Pope's wishes, continues to wear a *décolletée* dress, lives in the Palace de Venice.

* * *

Britishers "en Voyage"

Never, perhaps, have British delegates been so busy—within a fortnight three important deputations have taken place—and between England and France, if we may believe the papers, the bonds of friendship are closer than ever. M. Fallières has been received by the citizens of Lyons with all the pomp due to his position, and there he took the opportunity of once more paying his respects to Britain by being present at a banquet in honour of the members of the British Chamber of Commerce. To Sir Thomas Barclay again was given the task he has accomplished since the days when his sandy hair denoted his nationality better than it does now—that of translating the speeches, and emphasising in his own eloquent manner the advantages of the *entente cordiale*. London University could not have chosen a better moment for returning the visit paid to them last year by the University of Paris. This has been a week of rejoicing in the history of French education, for it is the twenty-fifth anniversary of the establishment of *lycées* for girls in France.

The delegates have been entertained to lunch by the City of Paris at the Hotel de Ville; they have been to the Elysée and the Sorbonne, where they were the guests, amongst others, of M. Liard, the Vice-Rector, who last year delighted his hosts by placing a wreath on Queen Victoria's tomb. Sir Francis and Lady Bertie, too, gave, in their honour, the most important reception of the season, at which over three hundred persons were present.

* * *

The International Guild

The reception at the International Guild was well attended and extremely interesting. Miss Williams, the President and founder, is a person of extraordinary energy and intelligence. Almost unaided, she has converted what was originally a reunion of five to eight pupils, for the purpose of reading and speaking English, into one of the most important educational institutions in Paris. In order to give foreigners an opportunity of learning to teach French in their own lands was her object in starting this institution, and her work has had the recognition it deserves—the English, French, German, American, and other educational boards have all given it their patronage. Not the least important part of this institution is its social side. Constant entertainments are given, in which members of all the different nations take part. They are always well attended, very popular, and indirectly a source of useful education.

The Most Popular Entertainment: The Na

Ye Lord of ye Tournament in ye Olden Dayes

Photos

Ye Queens of Beauty and Maids in ye Tournament in ye Olden Dayes

THE NAVAL DISPLAY:

Played with all the usual dash and skill, the field gun drill alarums and excursions anent another Power's navy. Judge none of his old mettl

lval and Military Tournament at Olympia

Ye Jester in ye Tournament in ye Olden Dayes

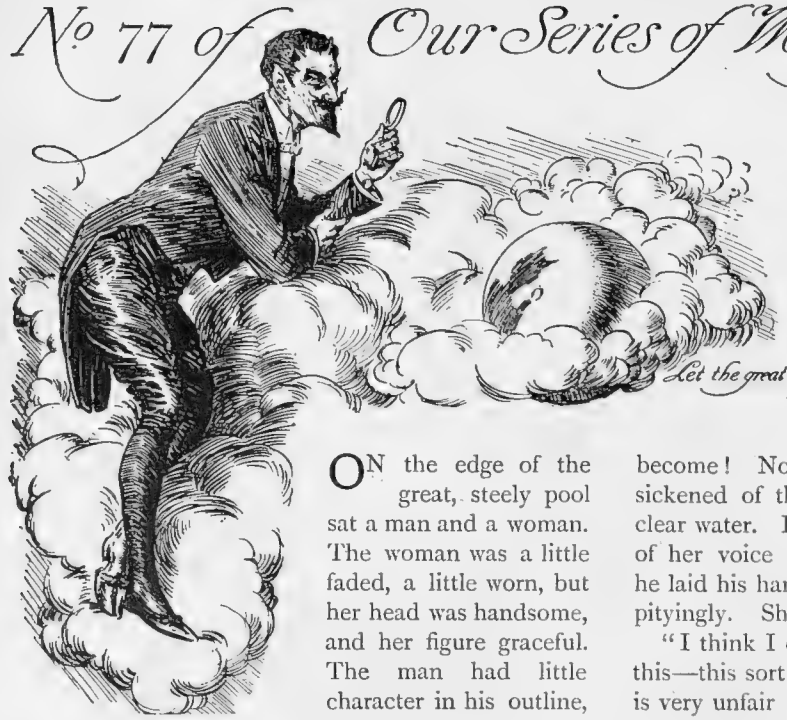
Y: FIELD GUN DRILL

drill provided an edifying spectacle in view of the current udged by his exploits at the Tournament, Jack Tar has lost nettle and handiness

Gale and Polden

Ye Castle in ye Tournament

No. 77 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories.



The Pool

By

BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS

Let the great book of the world be your principal study—Chesterfield

ON the edge of the great, steely pool sat a man and a woman. The woman was a little faded, a little worn, but her head was handsome, and her figure graceful. The man had little character in his outline, but a thick neck and heavy chin denoted a certain sturdiness of purpose. He was dressed in coarse tweed, and wore a soft wideawake hat. They did not seem conscious of the rare beauty of the August evening. There had been no rain for some days, and many of the trees that hedged them in bore exquisite autumnal tints. The lilies, which with the weight of their strangely veined leaves seemed to hold the pool water motionless, were closed. The gold flies danced through the silver moon-shafts, and once a graceful swift sped through the air but a few yards from their feet. The landscape that leaned to the water's edge was rich in many-shaded green, smudged here and there with the royal purple of the heather. But these two silent watchers seemed only conscious of themselves.

They sat on a rustic bench, adjoining a tiny hut, raised evidently for bathing purposes. At their back was a slender path winding through to a red brick house, the top windows of which were dimly visible through the trees.

"I suppose the pool is very deep," said the man, presently, as if trying to escape from his thoughts.

"It is very, very deep out there," his companion replied, pointing with a finely shaped hand to a far corner. They relapsed into silence. Then the woman spoke again.

"The pool, the pool! It is always the pool. My life is bound up with this sheet of water. We came to live here, because of the beautiful pool. Deep, peaceful, and beautiful, all who come here—and God knows they are few—say the same. My husband thinks I should be happy because of the pool. He is a fool; but he is a very good fool. He thinks environment rules morality. I, myself, despise ideals that have not flowered in sordid surroundings. I don't trust 'em. Sometimes he says: 'But if we had children, Margaret, you would never want to leave the pool.' It is so shallow, so very shallow of him. Imagine a child reared in the very bosom of silence. How mean, how calculating it would become! No, nature has no message for me. I have sickened of the meadows, and the flowers, and the clear water. I hate—I hate the pool!" The intensity of her voice slightly surprised the man. Presently he laid his hand on her arm, and looked into her eyes pityingly. She seemed slightly to resent his glance.

"I think I can understand. A woman must feel this—this sort of thing very deeply. Your husband is very unfair to you. Were you ever in love with him, Meg?" She did not answer. "Why does he not take you up to London on some of his weekly visits? He goes to-morrow, does he not? Suggest to him this evening that you should go."

"I would never ask him. He would think it an extravagant proposal. If his business did not necessitate it, he would never leave the pool. And besides, Dick, I thought that, perhaps, your kind visit meant that you were going to take charge of me to-morrow." She laughed at his surprised face, and, moving closer to him, adjusted his tie with her delicate fingers.

"I would willingly invite you, but you would find our company very dull. Mother is getting more and more deaf, you know."

"Never mind. Drive me over to-morrow, and I will stay the night. Stephen always stays the night in London. You shall show me the results of that wonderful new hop-wash, and the French partridge that roosts with the hens, and the tree that was scarred with lightening, and——oh, and, perhaps, you will let me shoot rabbits in the evening. It shall be a day of the most reckless frivolity, and I shall be awfully grateful to you."

"It's a bargain, Meg. I'd never have thought you capable of such abject devilry; but I shall be over here at three with the trap." The sound of heavy footsteps caused them both to look round. A big, healthy-looking man, with a short, stiff beard, pushed his way through the bushes.

"Good evening, Mr. Cordner," said the man on the bench.

"Ah, there you are, Scarth. I saw your trap in the yard. Very nice of you to look in. Well, how are things? What do you think of the view? Beautifully peaceful, isn't it?"

Scarth exchanged glances with Mrs. Cordner.

"I think it's very close," he replied. "What do you say to a swim? Freshen you up for your trip to London, won't it? By the way, I've asked your wife over to dinner to-morrow, and to stay the night. I daresay she is a little lonely by herself." Cordner

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The Steel King's Bride

Photo *Reutlinger*

Miss Mabelle Gilman, who has recently married Mr. William Corey, the "Steel King"

The latest millionaire sensation in New York has been the wedding of Mr. William Corey, the Chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, and Miss Mabelle Gilman, the well-known actress. The actual wedding ceremony was celebrated shortly after midnight to avoid the thirteenth of the month, and a room of the Gotham Hotel was transformed into a chapel for the occasion. It was preceded by a magnificent banquet, which is said to have cost £1,000, although the number of guests was exceedingly small

(Continued from page 452)

thought all his neighbour's suggestions admirable, particularly the swim. And when Scarth and his wife went up to the house, one to fetch the towels and the other to prepare the supper, it did not occur to him, when Scarth returned, that he had been unnecessarily long.

. . . . . .

Stephen Cordner got through his business in Town with much satisfaction to himself, and dined comfortably at his hotel. He met a man he knew in the lounge, and had some difficulty in shaking him off until he pleaded an important appointment at nine o'clock. The man made some sneering comment, but insisted on his drinking again before he left the hotel. The friend eventually set out for the Empire, and Cordner hailed a cab to drive him to a dull-looking house in Kensington.

Knocking at the door of a suite of rooms on the second floor, Cordner was admitted by a maid whose face he did not recognise, and was shown into a sitting-room. When the light was switched on, and the maid had gone, he sat back in astonishment. The furniture looked most uncomfortably expensive. Each object was charming in itself, but the *ensemble* had a rather vulgar effect. The room had the appearance of being continually dusted, but only occasionally inhabited. The wall-paper was just as he had left it on the previous Thursday, but the pictures on the wall were all new. There was a series of prettily coloured prints, showing the diverse ways in which the girls of all nations gathered up their skirts, and some steely photographs with vast signatures scrawled in ink on their surface. The carpets were new, and the curtains new, and two canaries hung in a gilt cage, whereas there had only been one in a green cage last week. In a state of dire perplexity, Cordner waited for the door to open.

As the handle turned, he caught the sound of a man's voice in the passage outside. He jumped to his feet and walked across to the door. It was immediately opened by a tall, silk-clad woman, who met his look of inquiry with a most ingratiating smile.

"I suppose you called to see Mrs. Rutherford?" she said. "She has gone from here, you know, and I took over the rooms on Monday."

"Gone!" said Cordner, in amazement.

"Yes; she went the day before yesterday, though most of her things were moved on Saturday. Won't you sit down? You're not in a hurry, I hope."

"But what does it all mean? Why hasn't she let me know? I beg your pardon. Of course, it doesn't concern you. But, really, I should be most grateful if you could give me any clue as to where she has gone." The lady seemed a little amused at her guest's excitement.

"I will go and inquire of the landlady, if you don't mind waiting. Here is some whisky and soda-water, and—er—I believe there are some cigars on the sideboard." Cordner thanked her profusely, mixed a drink, and then walked impatiently up and down the room.

It had always been a carefully guarded secret from Mrs. Cordner that her husband had once figured as co-respondent in an undefended divorce suit. Cordner's fascination by the rather plain wife of the journalist, Jack Rutherford, had always puzzled his bachelor friends; and his continued devotion to her after the divorce proceedings surprised himself not a little, when he reflected on the comparative charms of the rather too soulful Grace and his lawful spouse. He was not a man to worry much about the moral aspect of his relations with Mrs. Rutherford. He loved her, and his love had penalised her. Therefore, he obliquely argued, she was entitled to his affection as long as she needed it. He had never been quite sure how much he loved her, but there had been no doubt about the ardour of her passion. And, now that he came to think of it, on the preceding Thursday her devotional display had been even more extravagant than usual; and yet she must have then contemplated the move that had so surprised him.

The information that the landlady was prepared to impart was brief, but very startling. Mrs. Rutherford was away on a wedding tour! She had left to get married! The landlady did not know to whom, nor, to her knowledge, had she ever seen the gentleman.

When the first shock of surprise was overcome, Cordner was left with a dull heart-ache, which prevented him from appreciating the rather unctuous sympathy of his hostess. Moreover, the latter young lady seemed grossly to misunderstand his relation with Mrs. Rutherford.

"You were awfully good to her, I believe," she said.

"Yes, that is to say—well, it's rather surprising," Cordner replied, anxious to drop the discussion. "I see you've got some pretty pictures here. Where did you get these charming prints? And hullo, what's this?" He stopped before a big, framed photograph of a sheet of water. The plate had been exposed by moonlight, and a very graceful picture was the result.

"Oh, that's down by Sparden. They call it 'Painter's Pool.' It is a beautifully peaceful spot."

"Do you know it very well?"

"Yes, why? I lived near it for the first eighteen years of my life, and in those days I used to hate it. My mother wasn't a countrywoman, and I think I inherited her taste for the movement of the town. But why do you ask?"

"I also know it very well—very well indeed."

"Do you, really? I should like to go back there, and peep at the old scenes. But I don't feel very grateful to them. If it hadn't been all so pure and peaceful, I should never have left it for this. Goodness knows, no girl wants to be bad, but the country, in winter at any rate, is worse than a convent. Imagine the horror of it! The walk to the church, the walk to the village with its one general store, the walk to the pool, the walk to the wood—and that exhausts it. Nearly always it was the walk to the pool, because one sometimes, about once a month, met a visitor from London who used it for bathing. Sometimes the visitor didn't speak, sometimes he spoke but was very dull, sometimes it was a man who had the charity to kiss us. What do you think of it? That picture prevents me from forgetting; and, on the whole, I think I like to remember."

Cordner somehow felt that this talk of the pool in the present surroundings was strangely incongruous. He wanted to get away from the pool at least once a week. He keenly appreciated its peaceful beauty, but it had no right to follow him about. It was one

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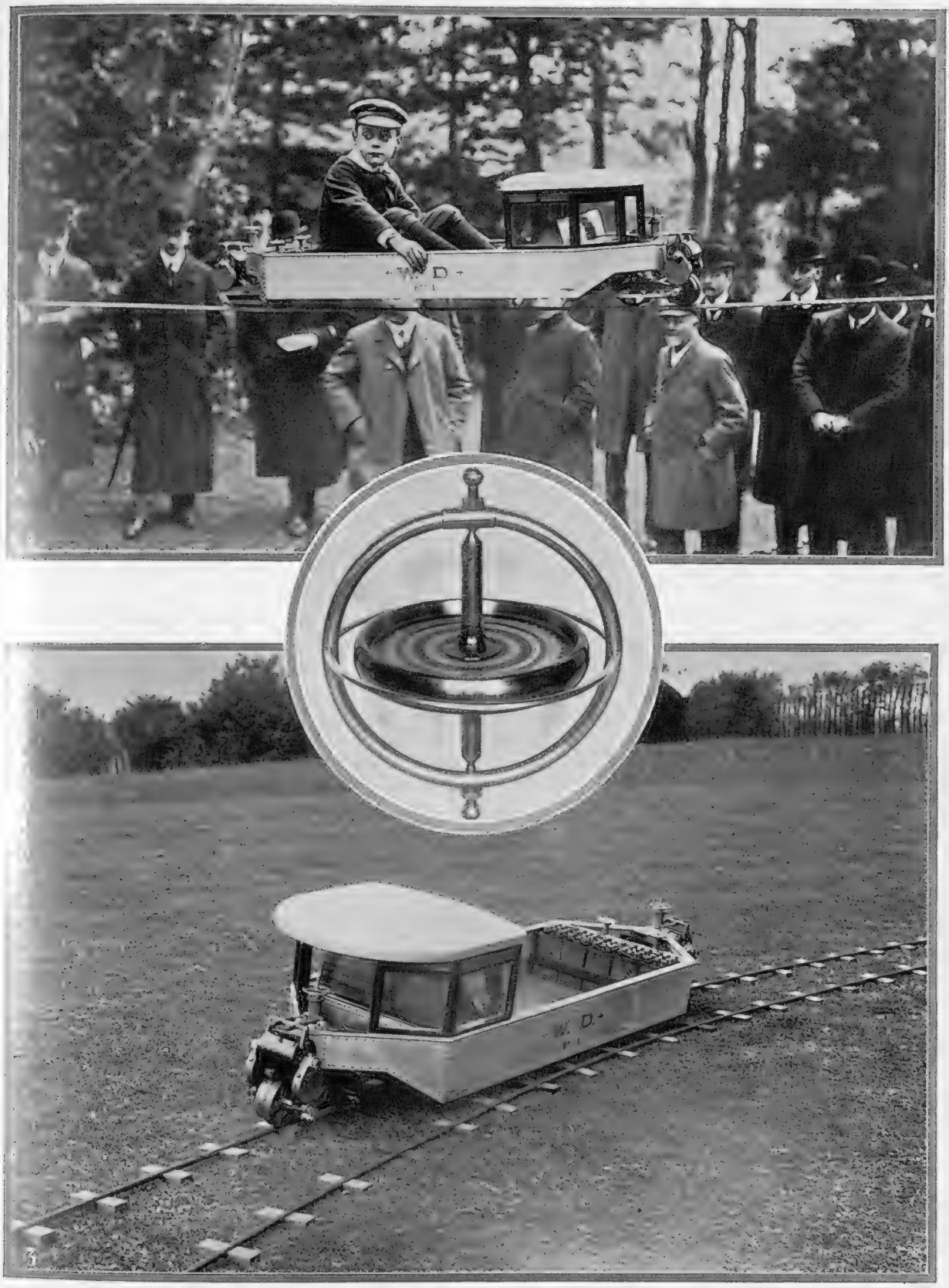
A Matter of Balance

THE NEW GYROSCOPE MONO-RAIL INVENTED BY MR. BRENNAN



Photos *Topical Agency*

(1) In Suspense: A car crossing an aerial track. (2) A Gyroscope, or "Magic Top." The principle by which this familiar toy is enabled to maintain its equilibrium, even when spinning at extraordinary angles, is the one employed by the inventor of the new mono-rail. A practical demonstration of "gyrostatic domination," as it is called, can also be obtained with a cycle wheel. Taking hold of each end of the axle, hold the wheel at arm's length. Get someone to make the wheel rotate at a high speed, and then endeavour to incline it either to the right or left. In doing so, it will be found that the tendency is for the wheel to move at right angles to the direction required. (3) A car rounding a curve. In the cab are placed two fly-wheels which revolve in a vacuum in opposite directions, by which the balance of the car is maintained, even when rounding a curve or when unevenly loaded

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thing for a woman to—suddenly he felt that he would like to get out into the air. The woman seemed disappointed when he took up his hat, and pressed a card into his hand. As soon as the door closed he flung the card disgustedly away, and hurried downstairs into the street.

There was a soft rain falling, but he chose to walk back to his hotel. The Strand was congested with pedestrians of all types. Healthy-looking country folk elbowed their way through the easily yielding crush of townsmen, their eyes alight with the enjoyment that the busy, brilliant street afforded them. Grey-skinned, ill-clad clerks, with bent shoulders, jostled the white-faced aristocracy—the aristocracy of money that will buy soap and starch. Neatly dressed girls, journeying God knows whence and whither, threaded their way past blowsy women, some arrayed in gorgeous fabrics and powdered and pencilled with devilish artifice, others drab and hideous in rusty mantle and shapeless straw, with their cheeks painted after the manner of clowns. There were faces in the windows, in the carriages, in the 'buses, all tired, bloodless faces, it seemed to Cordner. They had exhausted their vitality, and existed only at the machine's caprice. The sickliness of the scene haunted him. He looked up at the great shoal of stars, and then around at dull eyes, garish globes of electric light, glitter of glass and bronze. And the picture of the wide, calm pool came up before his eyes, and the sweeping slopes of green and purple, and he thought most surely that his wife was a fool.

The hall clock struck ten as he entered the hotel, and reminded him that he had another half hour in which to make up his mind as to whether he should return home that night or not. He wanted to get back, even though Margaret would not be there. But London was so cruelly fascinating, so maddeningly entertaining. Even looking out from the hotel smoking-room window was exciting after the monotony of the house by the pool. Damn London!

He spoke so loud that the only other occupant of the smoking-room jumped perceptibly, and watched Cordner leave the room with undisguised nervousness. But the object of his fears did nothing more harmful than to put on his hat and again make his way into the noisy street.

Cordner was a country member of a club whose premises stood in a turning off the Strand, and it had occurred to him that he might find someone to talk to there. As luck would have it, he ran straight into the arms of Skipwith, a man who had been a close companion of his bachelor days. Skipwith proved to be in a reminiscent mood, but seemed to Cordner to skate over everything except the Rutherford business. At last he introduced the subject.

"I suppose you were as surprised as any of us at the end of the Rutherford affair, Steve." Cordner shrugged his shoulders. It seemed to be the safest thing to do.

"It isn't often," Skipwith went on, "that a divorced woman is reconciled to her husband; and so many years have elapsed in this case that I should say it is almost unique." Cordner clutched the arms of his chair, and gaped at the speaker. Skipwith looked at him a little curiously.

"Yes," assented Cordner hoarsely, "I should say it is unique. Good-night." It was the last flout he could stand from London that night. Hastening to his hotel, he collected his belongings, and caught the 10.35 from Charing Cross.

After an hour's hot and uncomfortable ride in the train, Cordner took a seat on the little country 'bus which journeyed to a point but ten minutes from his home by the pool. The close weather made him grateful that he had chosen to leave what would have been intolerable heat in London. Walking along the country lanes he came to a by path, which led to a little frequented corner of the pool, where there was, nevertheless, sufficient depth of water for a dive. Nothing would be more grateful than a dip to-night, thought Cordner; there were towels in his bag, and as his wife was away, it did not matter what time he got home. He scrambled along the overgrown path, and when he reached the water's brink, stood for some time absorbed by the beauty of the great still pool threaded with a wide shaft of silver from the brilliant moon. There was scarcely a breath of air to stir the leaves, and the rise of a big fish a few yards from the shore quite startled him. He undressed slowly, and slid lazily into the cool water with a sigh of relief. It would have been brutal to have dived and made a great commotion in this perfect tableau of peace. He skimmed lightly over the water-lily leaves at the brink, and turning on his back floated lazily out to the centre, the water growing warmer and warmer the farther he receded from the bank. The deep purple sky, spangled with tiny lamps, was all that met his eyes. The soft water caressed his body, sometimes welling to his lips. He felt the fairy resilience of the perfect couch on which he lay, and in those sweetly sensuous moments it occurred to him for the first time to praise God.

He had reached the centre of the pool, where a buoy was floating, to which the punt was secured on fishing expeditions. Resting his hand on this, he trod the water and surveyed the margin of the pool. The top windows of his own home were, of course, just visible, but nowhere else was there any sign that this was inhabited land. He looked along the wide shaft of moonlight which did not include him in its path, and noticed what he took to be a duck just breaking into it. That reminded him that the ducks had yet to be shot, though their tameness made it poor enough sport. But was this a duck? Surely that was a strange splash for even a moor-hen to make. And was not that a white arm rising at regular intervals from the water? Someone else had evidently discovered the delights of a night swim. But who? It could hardly be one of the villagers. He was making direct, apparently, for Cordner's own bathing-hut, erected for his private use. Cordner felt a little annoyed, and mentally determined to have a padlock put on the door. The man, when he reached the bank, deliberately entered the hut and closed the door after him.

Cordner was anxious to discover the identity of this impudent stranger, and he swam quietly in to the shore, and waited for the man to come out, his head hidden by a clump of reeds. He had not long to wait. The stranger emerging from the hut proved

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Making the Best of May

READERS WHOSE PLEASURES HAVE NOT BEEN MARRED BY ITS WINTRY LAPSES

On the Sussex Downs

Taken at Pett, Sussex, by Mrs. Shaw, *Benskins, Westfield, Battle, Sussex*

On Culloden Moor

In the background is the cairn erected in memory of the Battle of Culloden, where the Young Pretender was defeated in 1746. *Sent by* Mrs. Geare, *6, Holmdale Road, West Hampstead*

A Look Before the Dip

Sent by Mr. Charles H. G. Mottram, *Wilton House, Lansdown Road, Cheltenham*

(*Continued from page 456*)

to be a squarely built man of average height. He had a big towel slung round his neck, and at the distance Cordner could not discover his features. He waded in a little closer, and waited for him to move into the moonlight. The man slowly climbed up the path leading to the house, and right in the rays of the moon knelt to adjust a bootlace. It was Richard Scarth!

The man in the water felt his heart leap violently. What was Scarth doing here? He was to have taken Margaret to his mother's house to-day, and—but perhaps Margaret had changed her mind, and chosen to return home after dinner, chosen to come back to the empty, lonely house. Perhaps—but he must know for certain.

There was no time to swim back and dress. He climbed quietly out of the water, and crept up the path in pursuit. His body tingled with excitement. At any moment Scarth might look back. He crawled snakily through the bushes, and the prickly leaves of one brought blood to his arms. Once Scarth stopped, and applied a match to his pipe. The sensuous smell of the tobacco taunted his follower. His breath came short, his brain swam violently; he longed to run at the man ahead, to strike him, to see what fool lie he would tell. The water dropping from his hair and beard irritated him to madness; he even seized a stone with which to fell this casual devil ahead. If he turned, if he saw, Cordner vowed he would kill him, innocent or guilty.

There was a wicket gate at the end of the path, leading on to the lawn of the garden. Cordner hid in the bushes, as Scarth turned to close the gate, and watched him disappear round the corner of the house. He then darted from his hiding-place, quietly lifted the latch of the gate, and ran lightly over the velvet lawn. He heard the subdued murmur of voices, but could not distinguish the words. Carefully he glanced round. There was a horse and trap at the front door, with the lamps lit. He gasped with relief. Obviously, Scarth had driven his wife home, and had only stayed for a swim before going back. He crept silently to the open window of the dining-room, whence the voices seemed to proceed.

"Who harnessed it?" It was a man's voice.

"I did." Cordner recognised his wife's soft accent.

"Why?"

"Because I have had time to think."

"Was that why you sent me for a swim?"

"You suggested the swim yourself. No, Dick, it only means that we have been saved from a terrible sin. Don't try to tempt me now. I said I would give way an hour ago, but that was treachery to you as well as my husband. I will be honest to you both. You are true and honourable, Dick, and I am very fond of you. Can I give way when I know in the end you would learn to hate and despise me for my weakness? Think, Dick, think!"

"I love you, Meg. I have loved you for years, and you have never given me a little sign. To-night is the climax. I can't go, I can't go! Oh, my darling, don't send me away!"

The naked man at the window bit the flesh of his lips, and his hands clutched convulsively on the sill.

"Listen, Dick. You don't love me. No, dear, we knew each other for years, and you took no interest in me. Then I set myself to attract you for my own amusement. I caught you, Dick, but that isn't love. We have been playing parts, you and I, because in this dreary district there is no one to play to us. Should we make the play a tragedy by ending with a sordid sin? To please our own childish artificiality, shall I sacrifice the honour of my dear husband? Oh, Dick, you cannot realise how sweet and true he has been to me! It is a wonderful thing to live with a man who is always a gentleman, whose thought and speech is ever courteous and clean. He loves me, Dick; and to-night, in that hour you were away, I think I realised that I love him to-day as I did on my wedding day. Yes, I know you think his temperament is ill-accorded to mine. But we lived amid gay scenes in our early married days, and that I am not content with the peace and beauty of this valley only reflects discredit on me. He was fond of gay company just as I was, but his tastes have mellowed and mine have not. Is he therefore cruel? I have given him no children, but the bitter sorrow that that has caused him has never been brought to my ears. If you knew him, Dick, you would loathe me for wavering for one moment from his allegiance. Dick, answer, say you will go!"

"Why did you not remember your husband before?"

"I remembered, keenly I remembered. It added to the fascination of the sin."

"If you send me away to-night, we can never meet again."

"No, Dick."

There was a silence in the room, and then the rustle of a woman's dress. The door of the room opened, there were footsteps in the hall. Scarth was saying good-bye, and there was a sound of a man's dry sob.

"Let me kiss your hand?" A bangle tinkled, and the sound of a passionate kiss reached the trembling white figure on the lawn. He staggered away to the pool, his face burning with shame, his eyes full of the ugly fear that comes to the hypocrite who has been struck across the mouth.

Mrs. Cordner watched the lights of the trap vanish round a corner, and then carefully bolted up the door. On her way to bed she paused on the landing by an open window from which the silver spread of the pool was plainly visible.

"Thank God for the moon," she muttered as she picked up her husband's field glasses, and closed the casement.

BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS.

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Beauty and Sport

Photo *J. T. Newman*

IN THE COVERT: A PHOTOGRAPHIC IMPRESSION

The Promise of Fruit

As the result of the hot, dry autumn, there has been a wonderful show of fruit-blossom, and, in spite of the inclement weather which prevailed in April and at the beginning of May, there is every promise that we shall have a record crop. Gooseberries and currants are laden; strawberries are bearing heavily; plums, pears, and apples have been perfect pictures, and the fruit seems to have set well. Of course, we are not yet out of the wood, but every day diminishes the risks from frost. There remain, unfortunately, insects. They are most plentiful in old and neglected orchards, of which there are still far too many in the country, practically useless to their owners, and, as centres of infection, dangerous to everybody else; but the pests also are plentiful enough even in the best-managed gardens. There are the winter moths, which sew the young leaves together so that they cannot open or grow; the apple-blossom weevils, which puncture the fleshy base of the flowers; the codling moths, which penetrate the forming apples and bring them down by the hundred at the end of June or the beginning of July; the pear midge, which produces the same result on the pear; the pear sawfly, which eats the leaves; the lackey moth, which, if allowed, will completely defoliate the apple, and often the pear and the plum; and many others.

Insecticides and Fungicides

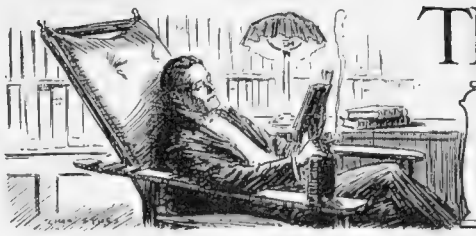
The larvæ of the lackey moth are what are known as tent caterpillars, the eggs usually deposited in the fork of a branch—being covered with a web, under which they live for a time. At this stage, they may easily be destroyed by means of a stiff brush dipped in paraffin emulsion. If they are in inaccessible positions, it is often sufficient to fire at them a blank charge of powder, the concussion of the air blowing them to pieces. If the caterpillars are allowed to disperse along the branches, they will strip off every leaf. For most insects, the best, if not the only, remedy is spraying. A good sprayer should be considered as essential in a garden as a spade, and spraying should be as regular a part of the routine as digging. At present it is performed in a desultory way at long intervals in some gardens, and in most not at all. In America, its value is recognised, and it is reduced to a method; yet even there the damage done by insects is enormous. In the year 1868, some person imported several specimens of the gipsy moth for experiments in connection with silk, and permitted them to escape, and the injury which this moth alone has since committed in the United States is estimated at millions of dollars. It is not merely for insects that spraying should be performed, but also for the many fungoid diseases which attack fruit trees and ruin the fruit crop. Bordeaux mixture (sulphate of copper and lime dissolved in water) is the most effective application; but, besides being a deadly poison, it requires to be used with caution. In winter it is not likely to do any harm, but when the trees are growing it is liable to damage the leaves if it is too strong, or if the ingredients are not in the right proportion. The apricot, in particular, is injured by it if the copper is in excess. Still, it only comes to this, that spraying should be done by a competent man.

H. C. Davidson

Photo *Carslake Winter-Wood*

A Devonshire Orchard in Bloom

Owing to the hot, dry autumn last year, there has been a wonderful show of blossom in the orchards, and there is every promise of a record crop this season



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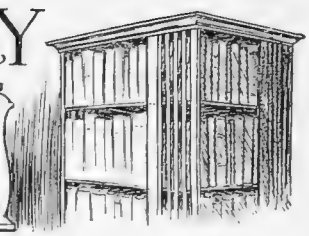

Books to Order This Week

"A Victor of Salamis." By W. S. Davis. (Macmillan: 6*s.*)

"The Way of War." By Hew Scot. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"Lord Randolph Churchill." By Winston S. Churchill. (Macmillan: 7*s.* 6*d.*)

BOOKS AS PLAYS—PLAYS AS BOOKS

A Little Instance of the Latter

Often enough is the public given, first, a popular novel, and next, its dramatic version. Rarely, however, is it the other way about—that the play comes first, the book after. *Brewster's Millions* has already won the plaudits of London playgoers, and even those who do not attend the Hicks Theatre are now familiar with the young man whose inheritance of a fortune is dependent on his spending, in one year, the sum of £250,000. Monty Brewster is a man of the moment in the realm of the theatre, and, therefore, I take it, a good many people will avail themselves of the enterprise of Messrs. Collier and Co. in publishing the whole story of his remarkable predicament, and the precise means by which he extricated himself from it.

That *Brewster's Millions* makes a good novel is hardly to be said—but, then, how often is it that a good farce (which, I gather from the dramatic critics, *Brewster's Millions* is) is equally amusing when elaborated into literary guise? Usually, its very excellence on the stage is its weakness as literature. Its dramatic qualities—and those of *Brewster's Millions* are its paradoxical central situation and its rapid sequence of surprises and humorous episodes—are its undoing in novel form.

Dramatic excellence is currently considered to be literary defect. And yet, oddly enough, if I have one criticism more than another to make of the book of Brewster, it is that it is exceedingly undramatic. Somehow, the very absurdity of Brewster's situation—his being faced with the obligation unwillingly to become a spendthrift, a plunger on a gigantic scale, to whittle away one vast fortune, willy nilly, in order that he may acquire another—somehow, in the book, this absurdity is completely missed because of the author's lack of the gift of dramatic fiction. In the same way, so laboured is the presentation of the succeeding scenes, that one experiences scarcely a sensation either of surprise or of amusement in following them, and has little or no curiosity as to the *dénouement*.

"Peggy"

The frontispiece from *Brewster's Millions* just published in book form by Messrs. Collier and Co., 2, Tudor Street, E.C.

(Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Collier and Co.)

Playwrights as Novelists and Vice Versâ

Here, of course, is only another instance of the fact that the ideal novel must needs have something of the play in it. I know there is, and has been for a long time, a sort of critical axiom to the effect that the talent of the playwright and that of the novelist are entirely distinct. Otherwise, why do not Messrs. Pinero, H. A. Jones, Carton, Parker, Sutro, etc. etc., write novels; and why do not Messrs. Meredith, Hardy, Conan Doyle, Rider Haggard, and Kipling write plays? The answer usually is that which I suggested above—that the qualities which make for excellence in the one make for weakness in the other. And yet, here, I can only see a confession of failure somewhere. Over the whole matter looms the figure of Shakespeare, whose equality in literature and in drama is indisputable. Nobody demands that every writer should be a Shakespeare, but great laws can be applied to small cases, and it is surely admissible that if Shakespeare could, at one stroke, please alike the reader and the playgoer, the fireside and the footlights, it

should be the object of lesser men to do likewise, according to *their* lights. After all, what psychological difference is there, before Heaven, between the playgoer and the reader? Both seek enlightenment, amusement. Both are alive to lessons taught through the medium of human character, whether spoken on boards or printed between them. No novel is good that leaves unsatisfied the reader's desire for dramatic sequence; no play, conversely, is good that leaves unsatisfied the hearer's desire for the utterance of fine thoughts in fine language. Those who proclaim so persistently the novelist's non-dramatic and the playwright's non-literary status are the enemies alike of stage and literature. They are the Protectionists of the Arts, who would exclude, out of selfish acquisitiveness, the good things which the one should needs borrow freely from the other.

The Literature of Play Writing

In this, I am bound to say, the drama is the worst offender. The rigid exclusiveness which is displayed by the dramatic critics who so noisily aver that "the play's the thing," and that literary excellence is no asset to its success on the boards, is rapidly lowering their art. They persistently acclaim acting as an art in which manner and gesture and deportment are the paramount qualities. They ignore the oldest and, some may think, the grandest element of the Dramatic Art—that of Oratory. Dismissed as overdone by Shakespeare, the oration is no longer considered an essential to a play. And yet, without it, the power of the drama to exercise influence on the thoughts of the generation is nil. Oratory demands a literary foundation—a grand oration must be read as well as heard—therefore the drama demands the services not only of the craftsman, the plot-hatcher, the dialoguist, the gag-coiner, it demands, in supreme control, the services of the writer.

The Art of Modern Prophecy

Perhaps the most modern of the literary collectors of my acquaintance is X——. He has, for the last few years, been getting together all the "war books" published here and in Germany, in view of the coming conflict with that Power. When the dread day comes, he hopes to be able to show how far Prophecy can be regarded as a modern art, by comparing—doubtless in a book—the schemes forecasted, with those actually adopted by the adversaries for each other's undoing.

Scarcely a week passes but X. does not add to his collection, which is now quite a little library. He expects to gloat loudly when the great day arrives. Much good may it do him, and I am glad that at least one person expects to be happy under such hideous circumstances. I have kept fairly in touch with war literature in these pages, and can courageously declare that the solitary volume which, to my mind, showed either imagination or humour in forecasting the movements of the enemy was Mr. Oldmeadow's "North Sea Bubble," which made Ireland the scene of the great battle, and which gave as the first cause of the ultimate expulsion of the enemy from England, the treacherous rising against the invading Germans by German waiters safely and comfortably lodged in these isles!

The Watch on the Forth

As to the others, well, most writers, as I indicated a week or two back, seem unable to conceive that the enemy will do anything more original than land on our Eastern shores, at a moment when, of all unlikely contingencies the unlikeliest, our Navy is cruising far away, and march on London. A little ray of happy imagination is, however, thrown by *The Way of War* (Long: 6*s.*), by Mr. "Hew Scot." The opening chapters of this curiously written story tell, in rather laboured style, of the discovery by a British lieutenant spying in Germany of the enemy's intention to strike a blow in the Firth of Forth. Revealing this intention to the Admiralty, the British home fleet concentrates at Rosyth and makes ready for triumphant battle if the enemy dare to come on. They do so dare, and just as they approach the Forth, boom! smash! the centre arch of the Forth Bridge is blown up, and, sinking into the estuary, makes it impossible for our ships to come out! While they are locked up, the Germans prepare to invade, but, at the psychological moment, up comes the Atlantic fleet, which they had supposed to be at Gibraltar, and victory is ours! I hope the authorities will give an eye to that Forth Bridge danger!

"A Victor of Salamis"

Ancient Greece, at the time of the Persian War, is the scene of Mr. William Stearns Davis's new novel, *A Victor of Salamis* (Macmillan: 6*s.*), which centres round that intensely dramatic sea-fight, and introduces as characters of fiction — much to the relief of the schoolboy who has only too long chafed under a suspicion of their reality — Leonidas and Themistocles. The story is exceedingly fascinating as a romance, and the description of the Isthmian games, the victory of Glaucon the Athenian over Lycon the Spartan, and the subsequent stirring events which culminated in the Greek victory, as well as the studies in popular life of this, the most fascinating of all periods of history, cannot fail to delight. I cannot imagine a more attractive school prize or gift-book than *A Victor of Salamis*, which humanises the familiar figures which classic studies have made cold and awesome to the mind of youth.

VIVIAN CARTER.

Miscellanea

An echo of the Book War is to be found in the republication, by Macmillan, at 7*s.* 6*d.*, of Mr. Winston Churchill's now famous life of his father—the book originally priced at 31*s.* 6*d.*, much to the inconvenience of the *Times* Book Club. Mr. Churchill being, as ever, much in the public eye, it is to be hoped that more success will attend the republication than was the lot of the original issue. Anything that tends to put the Under-Secretary in a little better humour with the world at large, and the Empire in particular, will be gratefully received by a troubled race.

Of Like Passions (Sisleys: 6*s.*), by Francis Bancroft, is the title of a novel written "in the cause and for the safe-guarding and protection of the daughters of Greater Britain—the white womanhood of our Colonies." The grave problem with which it deals is of a delicate nature, but the author handles it with discriminating power. *Of Like Passions* is an earnest work, which will evoke keen discussion throughout the British Dominions.

There are romances that seem but tinsel make-believe, and others that are instinct with reality. *Madam Domino* (Sisleys: 6*s.*), by Bourne Cooke, is in the latter category. Its characters are not mere puppets—they live. The scene is laid in Devonshire in the year of Waterloo. There is the magic of movement and the fascination of mystery throughout the pages of *Madam Domino*. It is a book to read and remember.

Wayfaring for a Holiday

At the Travel Exhibition, now taking place at the Horticultural Hall, Westminster, there are two sections of especial interest, namely, the Swedish section, which illustrates the attractions held forth by that country for every variety of winter sport; and the caravan exhibits, for those who prefer this contemplative mode of travel. The call of the Open Road is ever present with those who, doomed to live in towns, still possess something of that "wander-spirit" which animated our forefathers, and to such as these, caravanning—the slow meandering at will across the country, unworried by the cares of train, luggage, or lodging—appeals with especial charm.

The culinary artist preparing a meal after a day's journeying

Showing the "kitchen range," situated at the rear of one of Mr. Bertram Smith's caravans. In bad weather, however, all culinary operations can be carried on in the kitchen in the front of the van

(Reproduced by kind permission from "The Whole Art of Caravanning.")

The Ideal Caravan

At the Exhibition, the caravan specialist, Mr. Bertram Smith, shows his latest pattern of "land yacht," which is "fitted with every convenience." Though the van's dimensions are only 16 ft. long by 6½ ft. wide, it contains all that is necessary for the comfort of two or, at a pinch, three persons. In this small area are three rooms, bedroom, dining-room, and kitchen, the secret of the economy of space being that all chairs and tables fold flat against the wall when not in use. Only one horse is necessary, for even when loaded the van only weighs a little over a ton. There is now a fleet of six of these caravans, which are available for touring purposes during the coming summer, at sums ranging from 6 to 15 guineas a month, according to size, and full particulars may be obtained from Mrs. Ward Muir, Boro' Green, Kent.

The interior of the good van, "Triumvir," showing the parlour and bedroom

Although but 16 ft. in length by 6½ ft. in breadth, these vans are divided into a bedroom, fitted with two bunks and a chest of drawers, a dining-room, in which the chairs and table fold against the wall when out of use, and a kitchen in the front. As, even when loaded, the van weighs little more than a ton, one horse only is needed

(Reproduced by kind permission from "The Whole Art of Caravanning." Longmans: 2s. 6d. net.)

Nomad, Philosopher, and Writer

As befits the ideal caravanner, who must be a genial philosopher, Mr. Bertram Smith is also a racy and interesting writer, and has just published, through Messrs. Longmans, a most interesting little book on his hobby, "The Whole Art of Caravanning" (price 2*s.* 6*d.* net). He contends that "a caravan is as natural to mankind as is his burrow to a rabbit," and certainly, after reading through this fascinating little volume, we begin to wonder how we could ever be happy anywhere but in a caravan. The Open Road is in danger of being spoiled by the motor. Let all who can, indulge in caravanning as a hobby, and besides discovering therein a new world for themselves, with fascinations which none but the wayfarer can know, they will help to keep alive the Spirit of the Open Road.

Golf Notes and Notions

Photo Maull and Fox

The Earl of Stair

The new President of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, St. Andrews

The Most Famous Links in the World

When this article appears in print, the first round of the Amateur Championship will have run its course on the most famous links in the world. As this is the first Amateur Championship that will have been played at St. Andrews since THE BYSTANDER made its first bow to the public, it may not be out of place to give its readers some idea of the course over which the finest amateur golfers extant will contest the pride of place. Most of my readers, no doubt, have more than a nodding acquaintance with the dear old course at St. Andrews; but there may be some who have not had the good fortune to pitch over the burn or drive over the Elysian fields, and to them I address myself. The first impression that a newcomer gets is one of flatness and absence of hazards to be carried from the tee. Is it not recorded that one Southern golfer had the audacity once to complain to Tom Morris that there were no hazards at St. Andrews? Tom's crushing answer is also on record, but I cannot quite remember the number of bunkers which he heaped on the offending visitor's head, but it ran to a very high figure. Counting them on the excellent plan included in this year's "Nisbet's Golf Year Book," they tot up to about the same number as the eighty-five years which have passed over the revered head of the Nestor of golf, without counting the railway, the road, or the burn.

St. Andrews' Hazards

It is not so much a question of carry as of avoidance at St. Andrews. Mr. Hilton tells us in his reminiscences that he made up his mind in 1901 to avoid the bunkers and keep out of them at all costs, for it annoyed him severely, when he hit a good shot straight on the pin, to find himself in a bunker. History records that this policy served him well, for he won the Amateur Championship that year on this self-same course we are talking about. Mr. John Low drives home the same lesson in his able dissertation on "St. Andrews' Hazards, Old and New." The straight-ahead, slapdash order of golfer is bound to come to grief at St Andrews, for there each tee shot and approach shot is governed by the hazards. At St. Andrews, each tee shot has, according to the wind prevailing at the moment, to be played to some particular point not necessarily on the direct line of the hole. This means that local knowledge is of immense advantage to a player; *ceteris paribus* the local player ought always to beat the stranger, unless the latter has studied the course most carefully and played over it under every possible variety of weather and wind.

Some Peculiarities

Then, again, the soil is different from that of any other course that I know. Hoylake approaches most nearly to it, and for that reason I have always been puzzled by the dislike that Liverpool men generally have of St. Andrews. Most St. Andrews men find themselves quite at home at Hoylake, and I can only explain the matter on the ground of insufficient acquaintance. The old course at St. Andrews requires to be lived with on very familiar terms for a fairly long period before it will render up to the visitor the secrets of its nature. I have sometimes heard a man, after a three days' acquaintance with it, give his opinion about the links. I have always told such a rash person that an opinion of any value can only be given after a long and arduous study of the course. Even old St. Andrews players are constantly finding fresh aspects of the most fascinating course in the world, and, like all masterpieces of nature or art, the more it is studied the better it is loved. The thinness of the soil, due to the tramping of the countless feet of generations of golfers since the game was first played in Scotland, makes the ball lie very close, and adds considerable difficulty to the shots through the green and the approach shots. Then, all those bunkers which old Tom hurled at the offending visitor must be known, for they lie thickly dotted about ready to trap the shot which the presumptuous stranger may consider to have been one of his very best "right bang down the centre of the course."

Brain and Muscle Needed

But at St. Andrews brains must be constantly at work as well as muscles. Here the Championship will be won (like the battle of Waterloo, according to Wellington's famous dictum) by the man who makes the fewest mistakes, or rather, in golfing parlance, by the player who gets into the fewest bunkers. Then, again, the really scientific golfer, who has every shot in his bag, will probably find before he has finished his round that he has had to play nearly every one of them. On some days it will pay him to pitch, on others to play the running-up shot. He will have every imaginable stance and lie to contend with, and he must be prepared to vary his game with the varying conditions confronting him. In a word, the player who means to win at St. Andrews must not defy, but submit to the course. The moment a player has learned the lesson of submission and love, the road to success at St. Andrews will lie open before him. "*Inter arma leges silent.*" The battle has begun. I must "cut the cackle" and watch the "hosses."

ERNEST LEHMANN.

POLO NOTES

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Polo at Hurlingham: The match between the Old Cantabs and the Hurlingham Team

After a finely contested game, the Old Cantabs beat Hurlingham by eight goals to seven

Champion Cup Prospects

With the break up of last year's apparently invincible Roehampton team, and the revival of the Old Cantabs, the coming Champion Cup Tournament at Hurlingham gives promise of much interesting play, and is, this year, of particularly open character. Judging by the fine how they gave in their opening match this season, the Rugby veterans are still well in the running, while his year's Roehampton team, if not so strong as in he past, is still a very powerful side, the three Nickalls having joined forces with Mr. C. T. Garland, hose fine stud of ponies will doubtless be of great ervice. Then there is the new team of Old Cantabs, which Mr. Freake and Mr. Buckmaster, who are thoroughly used to each other's play, have been ined by Mr. Isaac Bell, an excellent No. 1, nd by Lord Wodehouse, a back who shows romise. The team shaped wonderfully well the ther day on their first appearance at Ranelagh, and f Mr. Buckmaster should manage this season to win his third Champion Cup with this new combination, the Light Blues' victory would be an immensely popular one.

The Foreign Teams

The Maharajah of Bikanir and his State polo team are due in London this week, but owing to the indisposition of the Maharajah, it will probably be some days before they will start play. It had been arranged that the Indian players should make their first appearance next Saturday at Hurlingham, where they were to have opposed the Spanish team from Madrid. Unfortunately, the visit of the latter side has also been delayed, the Marquis de Villavieja, the sponsor of the team, having been unavoidably detained at Biarritz. All being well, however, the Marquis de Villavieja writes me that the Madrid team will take the field about the 8th or 10th of June. Although the interesting contest between the two teams will not take place next Saturday, the fixture will not be dropped, but will take place later in the season. L. V. L. S.

The Hunt Challenge Cup Final at Ranelagh: A struggle for the ball

Even the chill Whitsun weather did not deter a fine company of spectators from coming to Ranelagh to witness the final round of the Hunt Challenge Cup between Warwickshire and West Meath. The Warwickshire Hunt, the holders, beat the West Meath by eight goals to two

GAMES AND PASTIMES

LAWN TENNIS

A Club Secretary on Match Play

My recent remarks on the decline of match play have elicited from Mr. C. B. Watson, of the Gipsy Club, a letter, in which he endorses my opinion that it is due to the preference shown by players for tournament play when they can get it, and to the further fact that nowadays they can get it nearly always—particularly if they reside anywhere near London. For I believe I am right in saying that from now right up to the commencement of the holiday season there is at least one open tournament every week, either in London or the suburbs. Mr. Watson writes :—

> For some years I have done my utmost at this club to encourage match play by extending our fixture-list, and playing matches two or three times a week. But, unfortunately, there are few other clubs now that do this, owing to the increasing number of tournaments and the difficulty of getting men to play for their club. The result is that, whereas there were about a dozen clubs with first-class teams a few years ago in the South of England, there are now only two or three. My own opinion is that there are far too many tournaments round London, and that the L.T.A. should refuse to sanction any more.

That Mr. Watson is right is proved by the fact that if one goes to places where tournaments are few and far between—up North, for instance—one finds that match play flourishes exceedingly, though perhaps unostentatiously. In Northumberland and Durham there is a league which holds competitions both for senior and junior clubs, and the rivalry between the various clubs in these districts is quite keen. The people who take part in the matches may not be very great players, but, at any rate, they are, as often as not, the best players available, which is a good deal more than can be said for our matches down South.

Photo *Halftones*

Albert Trott, who did a double "Hat-Trick" last week

During the course of his benefit match at Lord's last week, Trott, the well-known Middlesex bowler, succeeded in doing a double "hat-trick." He took the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth Somerset wickets with consecutive balls, and also repeated his feat with the last three wickets

A Confession of Weakness

All this, however, is only tantamount to an admission that match play merely exists (or thrives, as the case may be) on sufferance, and that where it comes into conflict with tournament play it must necessarily go to the wall. But why should it? The conclusion must be that, to use a homely phrase, it is less popular, and this suggests the question whether the best way of fostering it would not be to endeavour to render it more popular in place of trying to choke off its more attractive rival? Fond as I am of match play, my experience is that the ordinary form of match—three pairs a side, each playing each—more often than not leads to a dull afternoon's amusement, in which the result can be forecasted pretty accurately at the end of the first round, even if it is only going to be 5—4 one way or the other; while in the rare instances in which a real tussle occurs, it generally means that the players are overworked and that the match ends in semi-darkness.

A Suggested Improvement

For this reason I regard the American, or each-play-each, system as unsatisfactory, and—what is more important still—I consider that all matches should consist partly of Singles. It is the desire for good Single play that makes men

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ÆOLIAN HALL,

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desert their clubs and enter for tournaments in a great many cases; and, although I am not prepared with a cut-and-dried scheme for giving effect to this reform, I suggest that the experiment might well be tried of making a match consist of six Singles and three Doubles on the order-of-merit principle. Further, in order that the Doubles should have as important a bearing upon the result as the Singles, I would count one point for each win in Singles and two points for each win in Doubles. Possibly, if time allowed, the Doubles might be the best of five sets, and if at the end of the day the points were equal, sets and games might be brought in in order to arrive at a definite issue. One of the advantages of an arrangement of this kind is that it is suitable for a mid-week match commencing, say, at 4 p.m., or even later.

Surprises at Surbiton

The outstanding features of the Surbiton Tournament, which was brought to a successful termination last Saturday, were the defeats of Mrs. Lambert Chambers by Mrs. Sterry in the Ladies' Singles, and of D. P. Rhodes by the veteran, C. E. Finlason, in the Men's Singles, and the good form shown both by the winners, H. Pollard and J. B. Ward, in the Men's Doubles, and also by the Australian pair, S. N. Doust and C. G. Sharp, whom they beat in the final. It was Mrs. Chambers's first open tournament since her marriage, and I think I am right in saying that her defeat by Mrs. Sterry was the first she has sustained since Miss Sutton beat her in 1905. Mrs. Sterry was in fine form, as was proved by her coming through the event without losing a set, although her victims included Miss Morton and Miss Wilson besides Mrs. Chambers. Finlason—a member of the Surbiton Club—has quite a *penchant* for upsetting the calculations of the prophets at this meeting, and many of my readers will recall his unexpected victory over the late H. S. Mahony at Surbiton in 1904. Doust and Sharp played so well in the Doubles—particularly against McNair and Prebble, whom they beat 6—2, 6—2—that they were fancied by some to win outright; but they just failed in a close five-set match against Pollard and Ward, who had previously proved their strength by knocking out Ritchie and Hawes, who, on paper, looked to be about the strongest pair entered.

Leicester in Luck Again

The Leicester Tournament, which commences to-morrow (Thursday), has again secured a remarkably fine entry, and the presence of such celebrities as Norman Brookes, R. F. Doherty, Wilding, Gore, Hillyard, Eaves, Ball-Greene, Mrs. Hillyard, Miss Sutton, Miss Lowther, Miss Eastlake Smith, Miss Morton, and Miss Wilson should attract large crowds to the Stoneygate Avenue ground, on which quite a lot of money has been spent since last year in improvements by this enterprising club, which is fortunate in having two such whole-hearted supporters as Mr. and Mrs. Hillyard.

CROQUET

The New Croquet Rules

The collective wisdom of the Croquet Association has been occupying the months of the dead season in formulating four new rules, which will very materially alter

Lawn Tennis at Surbiton: Mrs. Sterry beats Mrs. Chambers, the Lady Champion

In the Ladies' Singles, at the Surbiton Tournament on Saturday, Mrs. Sterry (on the right) was successful in beating Mrs. Lambert Chambers (Miss D. K. Douglass), the Lady Champion, by 2 sets to love

Puzzle Picture Competition

The correct answer to our Puzzle Picture for Globe Trotters in the issue of May 22 is "The Mahdi's Tomb, Omdurman, Soudan." First Prize of ONE GUINEA to MRS. A. STANTON, Harpford, Ottery St. Mary, Devon, for the correct answer first opened by the Editor. Consolation Prizes of 10*s.* 6*d.* each to Messrs. Edward J. Thomson, Station Hotel, Aviemore, Inverness-shire, and E. Cobb, Horsell Grange, Woking, whose correct answers were the next in order opened on Saturday last.

GOLFERS OF THE DAY AT PLAY.
See this week's "GRAPHIC"

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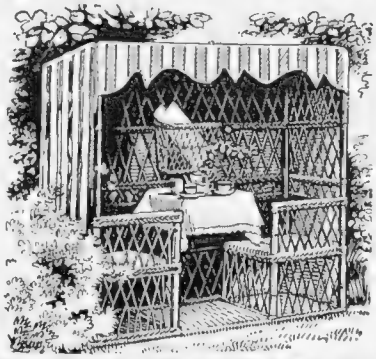

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the conditions under which the forthcoming year's play will take place, and are, accordingly, the occasion of considerable discussion amongst croquet players, though the general opinion seems to be that the alterations will be beneficial to the game. They will, at any rate, put a stop to a great deal of the heart-burning which was so usual a concomitant of play under the old rules. One of them is optional for players and tournaments to adopt, the other three now take their place amongst the recognised laws of the game. The optional rule deals with the size of the hoop. This has hitherto been 4 in. wide, inside measurement, and as the standard ball is 3⅝ in. in diameter, most players have found it a matter of quite sufficient difficulty to get through; but the top-of-the-tree players need still greater hazards to delight their souls, and in future tournaments may be held, and the Champion Cup — the big event of the croquet season — *will* be held, with hoops of a 3¾ in. diameter, leaving but an eighth of an inch margin, which is surely small enough to satisfy the most ambitious. Of the other rules, the first deals with the method of starting the game, which in future will be that the player will play from a "baulk," having for its area a space a yard wide along the left-hand half of the southern boundary of the lawn—a great improvement on last year's "starting-spot," which tended to become almost what a golfer would call a "rabbit-scrape" after a little play; and this rule will meet with the approval of all players.

Wiring and Playing with the Wrong Ball

The "baulk" also comes into use in connection with another of the new rules, which abolishes that peculiarly hideous misfortune known as "being wired." If, in future, a player is left so wired that he cannot get a shot at any of the other balls, he will be entitled to lift his ball and play it from any part of the "baulk," so that he will have, at least, a chance of hitting a ball, and getting in at the conclusion of his opponent's break, which, often enough under the old rules, was an impossibility. This rule will tend to make the game far more open and certainly far more interesting, though the labours of the referee seem likely to be considerably increased by it. The last, and the most important, deals with the subject of playing with the wrong ball. The old, and very heavy, penalty is entirely abolished, and the new rule enacts that a player who plays with the wrong ball is only to be compelled to replace it and play with the right one. Many players do not approve of this lenient treatment of what was at the best a very grave error, and has sometimes been thought to be something worse; but it will have the great advantage of settling for ever the vexed question of whether it was "sportsmanlike," if you saw your opponent about to play with the wrong ball, to let him do so, and exact the penalty, or whether you ought to give him warning? To that extent, the new rule disposes of one of the most burning questions in the game; but certainly the player at fault appears to get off very lightly in theory, however it may work out in practice.

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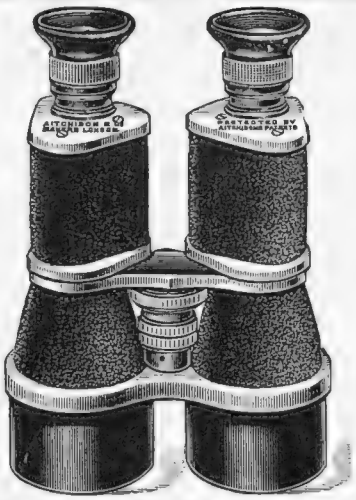

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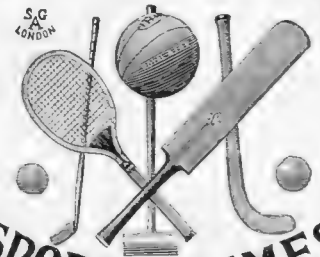

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THE

DAILY GRAPHIC.

Photo *Topical Agency*

Dust Prevention Trials

The King, in his car, passing over the sections that have been treated

Automobile Topics

By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Dust Prevention Trials

A good deal of interest has been aroused in motoring circles in the Dust Prevention Trials held last week near Staines. Everyone hopes that something useful will come of them, including the seven competitors in the competition (got up under the auspices of the R.A.C.) *and* His Majesty, who motored over the piece of experimental road on Wednesday afternoon. There are several suitable compositions on the market now, but the great difficulty of the moment is to impress on the minds of Borough Engineers and other similar officials that they should avail themselves of the friendship and support of motorists as a body. At present their attitude is generally one of hostility. Yet the dust trouble is a problem the road authorities should have grappled with a long time since, instead of leaving motorists to work out their own salvation.

* * *

Isle of Man Races

This week the Tourist Trophy Races are being held in the Isle of Man, and this year there is a Heavy Touring Car race, in addition to the Tourist Trophy Race and the Graphic Cup. The main difference between the conditions governing the Tourist Trophy this year compared with last is that the distance is 240 miles instead of 161, and there are minor alterations which go to make the conditions more onerous than heretofore. The Tourist Trophy Race has taught us a great deal in the past, and the touring car that wins has to cover 240 miles at an average of 40 miles per hour on a petrol consumption of 25 miles to the gallon—an achievement that stamps it as a piece of mechanism capable of meeting the utmost requirements. The Arrol-Johnston car is going to be my "tip" for the Tourist Trophy. In the next number I shall give full particulars of the races as a spectator on the spot.

* * *

The Bexhill Meeting

Some weeks ago, when the Crystal Palace Automobile Club held a competition at Bexhill, there was a good deal of grumbling about the way in which the arrangements seemed to work out in favour of one particular firm of competitors, and from all I hear the same club appear to have been no more successful in satisfying those persons who went to Bexhill for Whit Monday. The *Sussex Daily News* of the 21st inst. preface their report of the meeting by saying that "the first day's race meeting at Bexhill was the worst farce ever conducted in the name of a motor-car race meeting. The handicapping was the most extraordinary that can be imagined." For instance, a 9 h.-p. one-cylinder Sizaire, with 120 mm. bore weighing 13 cwt., was placed on the same handicap mark as an 18-22 h.-p. four-cylinder car of 85 mm. bore by 120 stroke; while the winner in Event 2 also a single-cylinder car, with 118 mm. bore actually received 18 sec. start on the Sizaire cars. Event 4, a scratch race for touring cars with a chassis price of over £700, presented the interesting spectacle of an open race confined to one make of car. Still, there is nothing like a contented mind, for the winner of this event obtained a gold medal and was good enough to telegraph me a full report of this interesting event, but without stating the number of competitors who started. Mr. Charles Jarrott, who writes me a very full letter on this subject, tells me that one day of this kind of gathering was enough for him, so he curtailed his holiday and returned to town, disgusted with the whole proceeding; and he also

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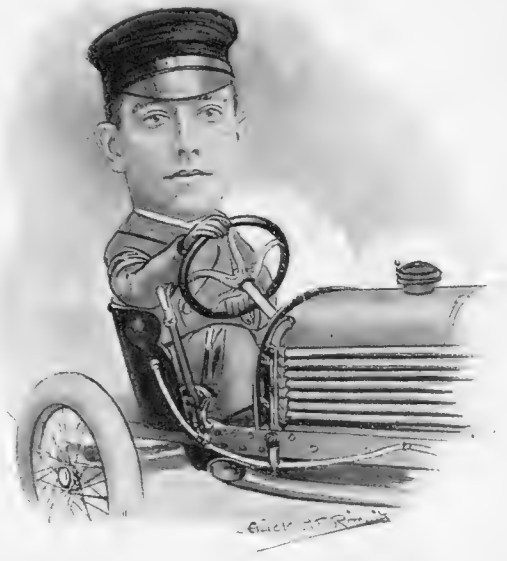
gives it as his opinion that the Royal Automobile Club should immediately take steps to prevent the repetition of such a meeting. COMYNS BEAUMONT.

* * *

Car-icature—No. XXVIII.: Mr. Cecil Edge

Like his cousin, the famous motor-expert, Mr. Cecil Edge is by birth a Colonial. He was born in Sydney some seven-and-twenty years ago, and was brought to this country at the age of seven. Educated at Clifton College, the subject of this week's Car-icature was originally intended for a military career; but, about the time when budding Field-Marshals look forward to their commissions, the motor movement claimed Mr. Edge, and has held him in firm grip ever since. "Our Cecil," as he is known among his intimate friends—and they are many—is a man of many parts. As a motorist his exploits have rendered his name a household word wherever automobilism is known, and he is regarded by all good judges as one of the finest drivers in Europe. The Gordon Bennett Race and other International contests have seen him doing yeoman service for England, and at the present moment he is one of this country's representatives in the great Continental race for the Herkomer Trophy. D. M.

* * *



Car-icature—No. XXVIII.: Mr. Cecil Edge

Though by birth a Colonial, Mr. Cecil Edge was educated at Clifton, and was intended for the Army. The motor movement, however, claimed him, and he is now regarded by all judges as one the finest drivers in Europe. He is a cousin of "S.F." of that ilk

(By ALICK P. F. RITCHIE)

Miscellanea

The Ariel Motors have now transferred their head office to 101, New Bond Street, where they have commodious showrooms and accommodation for fifty cars. The transmission of the Ariel car is becoming general now with the gear drive, which, from an engineering point of view, is one more practical than the chain. The Ariel Company guarantee the transmission—*i.e.* gears, cardan shaft, and live axle—for two years.

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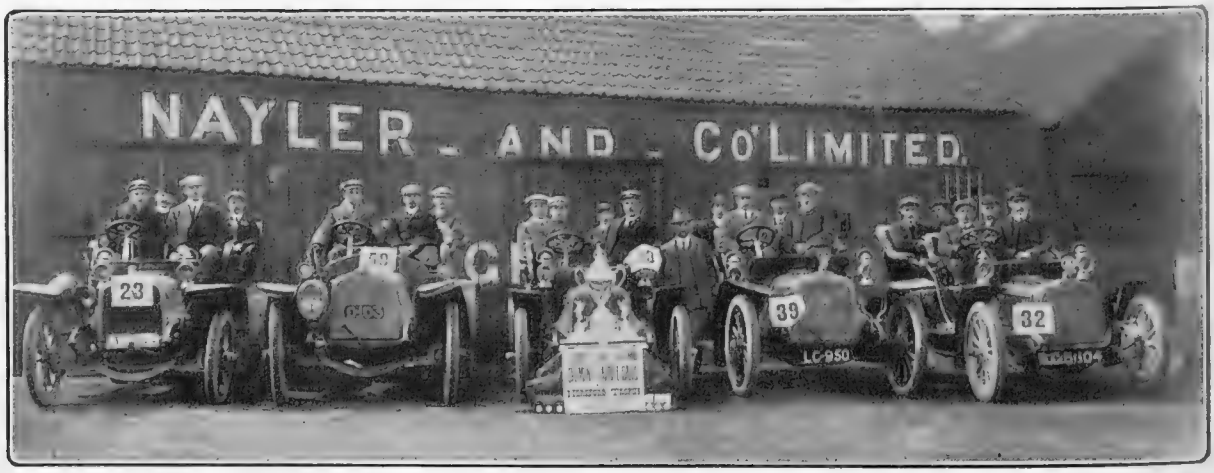
The owner of a Coventry Humber car who, some time ago wrote to that famous firm that his car had completed 10,000 miles without a hitch, has written to say that he has now done 25,000 miles, and the car has not yet been overhauled. This is a remarkable testimonial, and shows how thoroughly the Humber car withstands constant usage.

Prince Hatzfeldt has just ordered two Mercédès cars, one 45 h.-p. and the other 20-25 h.-p. His Serene Highness already has two Mercédès.

It is interesting to note that English manufacturers are competing in racing events on the Continent this year to a far larger extent than before. Only recently the Daimler Company sent three of their newest type of cars to the Targo Florio Race in Sicily. The Wolseley Company is now sending two cars to the Herkomer Competition, and the Rover Company competed with a 6 h.-p. Rover car in the Small Car Trials in Germany, which are now finished. The Daimler Company is now sending three Daimler cars to the Kaiser's Prize Race, and it is interesting to note that all these cars are fitted, and will be fitted, with Continental Steel-Armoured Non-Skid Tyres. This is sufficient proof of the confidence which British manufacturers place in Continental tyres.

The recent members elected to the Automobile Association include the following well-known motorists: The Earl of Dudley, the Earl of Onslow, the Earl of Shrewsbury and Talbot, Viscount Ingestre, Viscount Knutsford, Lady Alexander Paget, Lady Tangye, Lord Alexander Thynne, Sir Ernest Cassel, Sir F. P. [illegible]lock, Sir H. Ashman, Sir John Campbell, the Hon. Douglas Carnegie, Major W. A. Gray, Captain [illegible] Lund, Captain Ritchie, and Captain C. J. R. Lomer.

An interesting meeting was held last Friday at St. Ermin's Hotel, when Mr. J. D. Siddeley and the heads of the Wolseley Company's Staff entertained the two drivers, Messrs. A. Farrell and G. Fletcher, of the now famous 40 h.-p. Siddeley car, which they so successfully drove through the Royal Automobile Club's Long-Distance Trial, reaching a total of 10,000 miles. The guests of the evening received warm congratulations on their perseverance in face of the tremendous difficulties which they encountered during this long journey.



Frome's Hill Climb: Five Clement-Talbot cars, all of which won medals

The centre car obtained the Hereford Trophy for the highest marks for efficiency as well as the Gold Medal for Class 2

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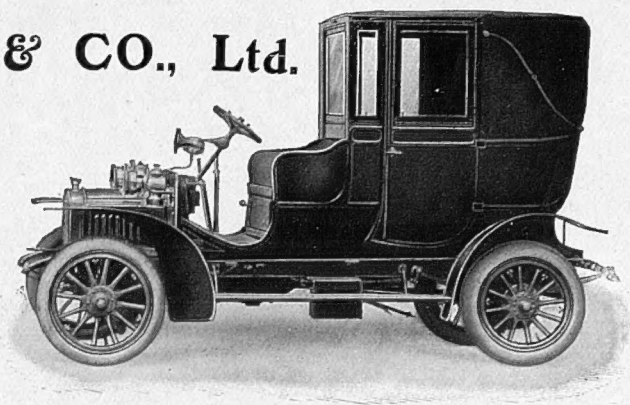

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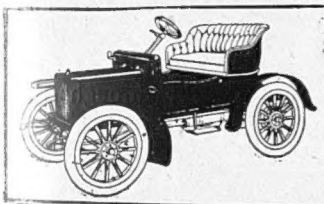

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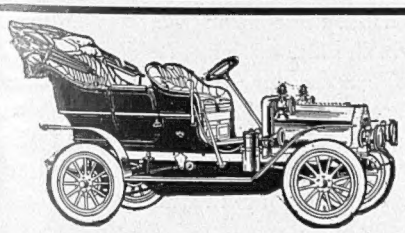

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REO

FROCKS FRILLS AND FURBELOWS

By Mrs. JACK MAY

I don't know how others of my sex are finding it, but my experience goes that when two or three women are gathered together, sooner or later—usually the former—the Suffrage question crops up. Only yesterday, a *grande dame*, who can personally recall the commencement of the struggle, some thirty-six odd years ago, and who, at present, is only tentatively disposed to regard the movement in a favourable light, was, nevertheless, sufficiently interested to point out the difference to be remarked in the personal appearance of the advocates then and now.

During the former period an absolute disregard of anything fastidiously feminine—frayed skirts, dirty boots, and what one might almost have suspected was a studied determination to prove unattractive—characterised the Suffragist of the past day; whereas, with a few exceptions, liable to be found under innumerable other auspices, the Suffragist enthusiast of to-day is, for the most part, fully on a modistic level with her sisters not similarly possessed; while I can, of myself, recall several notable instances where the dressing is particularly apt and pleasing. It has, admittedly, been a great drawback to our sex hitherto that, on entering any public arena, nervousness and a disability to detach the mind from the work in hand has resulted, on the one hand, in a neglect of personal appearance; and on the other, in a neglect of good manners. Rudeness, alas! is only too frequently woman's definition of a sharp business attitude.

Such defects, however, happy to relate, are passing, as we become more acclimatised to the responsibilities of our changed position in the social scheme of things, a change inevitably wrought through the medium of manufacturing economics.

An Attractive Design for a Dress for the Derby
(Drawn by Dorothy Millar)

Abbreviated Dance Dresses

This most reasonable revival is being recognised in innumerable directions, although, at present, mostly confined to the acceptance of youth—a somewhat difficult limit, in these days, to define quite clearly. To the terpsichorean enthusiast, the news of the brief skirt will be welcome enough; and seeking around, as one instinctively does, for a cause, it is tempting to find this in the graceful two-step waltz, the alternative backward movement whereof imperatively insists upon the raising of the train.

On the other hand, there is an abbreviated train, that is distinctly in the line of things fashionable, and a quite manageable appendage through the gyrations of even the two-step, the which, for the time at least, is the more likely to predominate, albeit the actual short *jupe* has attained sufficient ground to be worn without comment by the acceptedly fresh *débutante*.

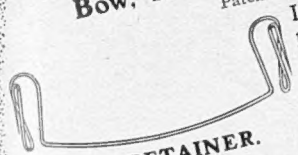
Silk net, for evening wear, is acquiring a notable field of favour. A mole net, ornamented with a series of deep tucks, the greater number occurring at either side, and mounted over a silver spangled *lisse*, was striped down at intervals with silver sequin *galon*, the latter being again requisitioned to effect a wide armhole *mouvement* on the otherwise perfectly simple *bébé* corsage.

SOME SPECIALITIES FOR MEN'S WEAR

The "JERMYN"

Bow, Knot, and Scarf Retainer.

Patent No. 21494.



THE RETAINER.

It is made in one piece from a specially selected wire and slightly curved to conform to the contour of the collar, on to the base of which it clips.

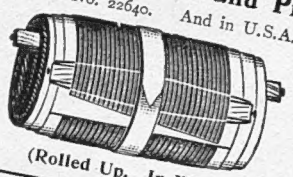
Showing how it is fixed on the Collar.

Whilst it is found thoroughly effective and reliable, and especially suitable for preventing *any shape* of neck-wear from shifting its position at all, it possesses the additional advantage of being "INVISIBLE" in use, the band of the tie completely hiding it. It should be attached to the collar after the Tie has been tied up, as it is easily slipped on underneath. This enables the Tie to be tied up with freedom, and in a natural, easy, unhampered manner, which most retainers prevent. **Price 6d., Post Free.**

"The TRAVELLER"

Trouser Stretcher and Press.

Patent No. 22640. And in U.S.A.



(Rolled Up. In Work.)

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Carriage Paid in United Kingdom.

This press is not merely made or intended for Travel-use alone. Although it weighs but 1½lb. and takes no more room in a bag than a pair of boots, it is as efficient in every respect as the cumbrous Wooden Press. It stretches and presses every part of the trousers, and even if three pairs be inserted, the result is perfectly satisfactory. It is made for All-round use—Home or Travel.

"The NIMROD"

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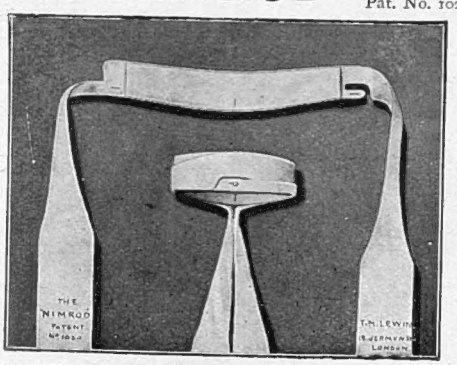
Pat. No. 1020.



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"How Parisian, what a perfect shape!" was the exclamation of the lady expert on seeing the Corset of Brocaded Coutille, cut low, and long on hips, the price ***22/6.*** It is simply delicious.

Beautiful, simple, and elegant is the dainty little low Corset in Silk Batiste, fitting well over the hips, and boned ever so slightly. This corset is as light as a feather, and can be worn with comfort by those who dislike stays altogether. Price ***5s/9.***

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A remarkable novelty in straight-fronted Corsets is **"La Samothrace,"** specially devoted to the tailor-made gown. It is composed of a new black silk material which fits closely into the figure, is quite innocent of lace or ribbons, and owes its delightful appearance to the lines of coloured silk outlining the top and seams in graceful curves. Price ***53/6.***

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